

THE
ARISTOCRAT,

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

BY
THE AUTHOR OF THE DEMOCRAT.

London:

PRINTED BY AND FOR
SAMPSON LOW, BERWICK STREET, SOHO:

AND SOLD BY
C. LAW, AVE MARIA LANE; AND E. BOOKER,
NEW BOND STREET.

1799.

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THE
ARISTOCRAT.

CHAPTER I.

ON the south-west coast of the county of Devon, where the genial salubrity of the air, and the verdant luxuriance of the oak-crowned hills and myrtle-shaded valleys, have at length convinced the discontented inhabitants of Britain, that they need not emigrate to the distant shores of Italy in search either of health or picturesque beauty, stood a venerable man-

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fion,

sion, the seat of the ancient family of Eaglefield. It was placed on the gentle slope of a verdant hill, skreened from the north by its summit, covered by a thick grove of aged oaks, while the lawn in front was skirted by younger trees of various kinds, over which the sea was discovered; and at some distance the prospect was rendered more interesting by a view of the floating bulwarks of our national power and independence, riding at anchor in Plymouth Sound.

Though the fabric was ancient, there is no occasion to encumber these pages with a detail of its mouldering arches and gloomy passages, as no returning inhabitants of the invisible world are to harrow up the mind of the reader by their ghastly appearance, nor is he to be alarmed by their imitative substitutes, discovered in the last chapter to originate from a concealed smuggler, a creaking door, or an imprisoned jack-daw. Suffice it to say, that the house, though old, was in comfortable



fortable and complete repair, and was in the purest style of that magnificent though irregular architecture which adorned the age of Elizabeth.

Sir William Eaglefield, the late proprietor of the house and of the ample domain that surrounded it, left one son and one daughter to the care of an affectionate mother, and of his maiden sister, who lived with the widow in the most friendly and cordial intercourse.

Lady Eaglefield was a woman of amiable disposition and unsullied virtue, who had loved her husband with the greatest tenderness, and transferred that love to the pledges of their mutual affection, devoting herself entirely to their care, though at a time of life when the charms of her person, and still more those of her fortune, with which her husband's fondness had richly endowed her, gave her many opportunities of forming a new and splendid connection.

Miss Eaglefield—(for, though this lady was in her fortieth year, she still retained that appellation which custom now allows to all unmarried females, and did not assume the addition of Mistress, by which some elderly virgins take, what may be called in the military phrase, the brevet rank of matron)—Miss Eaglefield was a woman of a romantic turn of mind, and rather too much under the influence of her feelings; for, if any peculiarity of disposition which is usually said to attend advanced celibacy in either sex could be traced in her, so far from bordering on ill-nature, it verged towards the opposite extreme, carrying to a degree of excess the enthusiasm of a warm sensibility, tremblingly alive to the sorrows and sufferings of others.

At the death of Sir William, his daughter, Emilia Eaglefield, had just completed her twelfth year. His son Edward was one year younger. They both possessed uncommon beauty of person, and their dispositions, naturally good, had never been
soured

soured by the exertions of capricious severity, nor vitiated by the excesses of foolish indulgence. They had been brought up under the influence of parental attention.—Lady Eaglefield, sensible that

“ A woman’s noblest station is retreat,”

not willing to give her the unblushing confidence of boarding-school accomplishments, took the whole charge of her daughter’s education on herself; and Sir William, though both from reason and experience fully sensible of the advantage of public education for a man, yet, not having a high opinion of those private seminaries which are ushered into notice by the ostentatious professions of their conductors, chose to prepare his son for an introduction to one of our great national schools, under his own eye, certain that his paternal tenderness would never obstruct its own purpose by pernicious indulgence either in sleep, habit, or food. But, though Sir William was himself a man of learning, he did not assume the

sole direction of his son's education, but committed that care to the clergyman of the parish, a person of polite address, a deep and yet an elegant scholar, and strict in the performance of every moral and religious duty. He owed the presentation to the rectory of Eaglefield to the early friendship of Sir William; and that friendship had been preserved through life on the footing of perfect equality, without feeling on either side the degrading relation of patron and client.

CHAPTER II.

THE Rev. Mr. Beverley, whose character concluded the preceding chapter, was left a widower with one son, about two years older than Edward; the companion of whose sports and whose studies (allowing for the further progress of his age in both) he had constantly been, till the last half-year, when Henry Beverley had been removed to Winchester school, whither it was intended that Edward should accompany him after the next holidays. Young Beverley was a lad of fine person and generous disposition, strong, active, and high-spirited; and the two friends seemed calculated to contribute

to the advantage of each other, as the mildness of Edward's character would temper the fire of Henry, and the vivacity of Henry rouse to exertion the gentle faculties of Edward. Not that Edward was deficient either in spirit or resolution when it was necessary to call them forth ; for, whenever his friend's ardent mind led him into difficulties, which would sometimes happen during their domestic education, he never shrunk from his side, but heartily joined in every exertion to extricate him.

Sir William died a few weeks before the time of Edward's proposed removal to Winchester. And Lady Eaglefield, though she felt the emotions of maternal fondness with increasing pain as the period of his departure approached, knowing how earnest her husband had been for his going, exerted all her resolution, and would not avail herself of any pretence of deriving consolation from his company in the first hours of her mourning, even to protract his

his stay beyond the time fixed for his removal, and every preparation was made to equip him for the new mode of education on which he was about to enter.

The youth himself looked forward with anxious expectation to the arrival of his friend, whom he regarded with all the affection of a brother; and he could conceive no greater joy than the idea of accompanying him to a new scene of life, which tempted his young imagination with a thousand pictures of pleasure and variety.

At length the long-expected day arrived which was to restore Henry Beverley to his father and friends. It was a day of the purest satisfaction to Edward, and of eager curiosity to his mother and aunt. They were anxious to scrutinize the first effect of a mode of education, the advantages of which had been so strongly insisted on by Sir William; and they ex-

pected to see the germs at least of improvement manifesting themselves in a greater polish of manners and a more disengaged behaviour, as the natural consequences of a public education. In this, however, they were grievously disappointed, as the change appeared obviously for the worse in the very circumstances where they expected improvement; for his deportment seemed at the same time both less polished and more restrained than when he left home, the natural consequence of a young and ingenuous mind first beginning to think and act for itself in a large society. As well might they expect that the first fermentation of a generous liquor should shew the spirit and flavour of its perfect ripeness, as that the first effects of a public education should at once develop the noble fruits to be expected from its completion. They could not see that in the roughness that offended them were concealed the seeds of an open and manly behaviour, and in that diffidence
a respect

a respect for the opinions of others, which is the sure prelude of modesty and firmness, equally distant from sheepish bashfulness and disgusting confidence.

The ladies, however, and especially Miss Eaglefield the aunt, were hurt at the change, and dreaded the influence of the same cause on Edward, whom they already saw initiated into rougher exercises by the example and advice of his friend. Lady Eaglefield could not easily bring herself to deviate from the mode of education which was so strongly recommended by her late husband, and had many struggles on the occasion.

On one side she was strongly attacked by the remonstrances of her sister, whose delicate feelings were quite shocked by the behaviour of the young Wykhamist; but these were as strongly combated by the arguments of Mr. Beverley, as well as by the manners and conduct of himself

and Sir William, who were both educated at the same seminary ; till a fresh ally on the side of the maiden aunt, and some other incidental circumstances, at length turned the scale.

CHAPTER III.

MR. Mortlock, a distant relation of Sir William, made a visit to Eaglefield Castle at this time. As his opinions had a considerable share in forming the colour of young Edward's future character, it will be necessary to draw his portrait at some length. Mr. Mortlock was the son of an eminent merchant, who had acquired a very ample property, and who rather chose to give his son, though an only one, that kind of education which would fit him for commerce, than a classical one; the consequence of which, he was taught to believe, was a total disregard of that species of attainment which has, more emphatically

phatically than elegantly, been styled the main chance. Young Mortlock was therefore sent to one of those academies near London, where the instruction is chiefly confined to French, writing, and accounts, though English is held out as being taught grammatically; and there is generally some miserable usher who undertakes to qualify young gentlemen for the great schools or the universities; a qualification that subjects them, if removed to either, to begin again with their accidence; and, if they go to neither, enables them to expatiate with some degree of specious confidence on the uselessness of languages, of which they hardly know the common rudiments.

His father dying when he was about seventeen, and leaving him at that early period of life master of his own actions and an affluent fortune, he did not choose either to pursue his commercial course of studies or enter on an entire new one at either of our universities; but, being a lad of good sense and disposition, without
any

any violent passions, he listened to the remonstrances of his friends on the danger of entering so young on a life of mere dissipation, and established himself in an academy on the Continent, where a knowledge of the modern languages, and every other shewy accomplishment, might be acquired in the greatest perfection.

When he was of age he returned to England, with manners and opinions very different from the generality of his young countrymen; for those even who make the tour of Europe with the best advantage, improve their minds without altering their character; but a foreign education entirely changes the habits and mode of thinking.

Young Mortlock possessing that superior degree of polish which a foreign education certainly gives, looked on most of his contemporaries as little better than Hottentots, and considered all those as incorrigible pedants who preferred Greek and Latin,

Latin, which they understood and he did not, to French and Italian, which he understood and they did not: a criterion, by which most disputes are usually decided in the opposite opinions of the disputants.

The consequence of Mr. Mortlock's education was a sovereign contempt for the manners of his own country, never considering the different part an English gentleman, who has the important duties of legislator and magistrate to fill, must act on the theatre of life, compared with the splendid insignificance of the foreign nobility, whose sole views must be directed to shine in a court or a camp. As he was educated in a protestant city, he was of course by no means partial to the despotic governments of Europe; and though strongly attached to the limited monarchy of Britain, he had imbibed from the school of Rousseau and Voltaire, the sanguine hopes of a general melioration of the human race, by the spreading influence of the new philosophy, which, decked out in
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the meretricious ornaments of its votaries, had in some degree superseded, in his vitiated taste, the sublime though simple morality of the Gospel: and though the sanguine expectations he had formed of this golden age being hastened by the revolution of manners which Rousseau had prophesied, have since been frustrated by the enormities of his ferocious disciples the French, he looked on it as approaching by degrees, and waited with impatience for the happy era, when war and fraud should be banished from society, and virtue and wisdom become the sole directors of the world.

On this gentleman's arrival, his delicacy was disgusted by the roughness, as well as the sheepishness, as he termed it, of Henry Beverley; and he remarked with great disapprobation the change in young Edward, whose powdered curls and pigtail had been docked, in imitation of his friend, to the school-boy shock, and who had greatly relaxed from the ceremonial bow

bow at entering and leaving the room. Neither was he a little offended with the free appellation of plain Eaglefield, by which Beverley always addressed his friend, without the addition of Sir Edward; for he had not so far imbibed the equalizing system of the new philosophy, which was gaining ground even then, as not to pay at least as much regard as they deserved to the aristocratic distinctions of title and precedence.

From the moment of his entering the house, he employed every resource of argument as well as ridicule, to depreciate an English and extol a foreign education, in which he was warmly supported by Miss Eaglefield. And all the reasoning of Mr. Beverley, strong and conclusive as it was on the other side of the question, was sneered at as priestly prejudice, narrowness of thinking, and pedantry, never reflecting that his own predilection was formed on the very principles he was condemning, and that no prejudice was
so

so dangerous as that founded on ignorance, no pedantry so despicable as that arising from superficial knowledge. Lady Eaglefield, however, continued some time in doubt between the two opinions, till at length a partial conformity was gained to that of Mr. Mortlock; by an accident that will be the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

THE two young friends were permitted to ride out together, under the care of an old groom, who prided himself on having initiated Sir William Eaglefield in the science of horsemanship, and who was not a little flattered with the trust of instructing the young Baronet in the same manly exercise. It is true Mr. Mortlock was a little offended at the jockey hitch of the young horsemen in a trot, and lamented the want of the riding-school graces, to whose remonstrances old Robert always replied with a scratch of the head—"Lord, Master, what signifies shew?—I have rode the

the most unruly horses in the county, and taken many a five-barred gate and stone wall, both standing and flying, and never got a fall in my life, except my horse came down with me." He did not, however, suffer his pupils to practise the same dangerous lessons, never permitting them to take a leap but over a loose hurdle that would give way to the touch, or to put their horses to the speed, but on a turf or a smooth barley or oat stubble.

One morning, as they were enjoying their customary ride, while the old groom was entertaining the lads with his various adventures in the field, their ears were saluted with the melodious cry of a pack of harriers from a neighbouring coppice. Their attention was immediately arrested; and soon afterwards a hare made her appearance, and, after sitting and listening for a few moments to the noise of her pursuers, took her flight across the open fields. Robert, as soon as he perceived there was no fear of heading her back into the cover, gave
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the view holla with a most audible voice, which was immediately re-echoed by the huntsmen, whose animating shouts, joined with the chiding of the hounds, formed a concert truly interesting to the boys, which would have roused some degree of animation in a sentimental philosopher, and would not have been quite despised even by a fox-hunter. In a moment the hounds dashed from the cover, and, following the exact course of the hare, led the attendant sportsmen over the country.

This temptation was too strong for Robert to resist, whose passion for the chase was almost as instinctive as that of the hounds; and besides, as the country was open and level, he was not apprehensive of any danger to his young charges: merrily then did he join the jocund train of the pursuers, and as merrily was he followed by the boys on their ponies.

But,

But, as in this life, whether we journey literally or figuratively, the way is not always smooth, the downs over which they rode were occasionally intersected by woody and enclosed vales.

When the hounds passed any of these barriers, which added only fresh ardour to the emulation of the sportsmen, in vain did the old groom attempt to restrain the zeal of his youthful companions. They followed the example shewn them by the rest of the field, and took every leap that presented itself, without paying any regard to the inferior size and strength of their horses, till at last, on Edward's driving his pony at a wide and boggy ditch, he was not able to cover it, and fell back with his rider in the middle of it. As, very luckily, he did not fall under the horse, and the ground was marshy, Edward received no serious injury; but he was completely enveloped in mud from head to foot, and his face scratched with the thorns of a hedge that hung over the ditch,

ditch, through which he was obliged to scramble. This accident put an end to the pursuit of the lads; and as the complete coat of mud with which Edward was covered, as well as the bloody marks of the thorns on his face, defied every power of concealment, the whole adventure was disclosed to the family.

The rashness of the enterprize (which was attributed to the example of the young Wykhamist) and the consequent danger of her son, had a strong effect on the maternal tenderness of Lady Eaglefield. The delicacy of Miss Eaglefield was shocked at the coarseness of feeling that must be brought on by exercises so productive of fatigue and dirt; while Mr. Mortlock expatiated on the extreme folly of a rational being devoting his time to such irrational pursuits, not forgetting the inhumanity of the diversion, which, he said, degraded the gentleman below the butcher, as his was a work of necessity, whereas
hunting

hunting might be called killing one's own meat for one's amusement.

Such was the reasoning of the philosopher of the foreign school. If any of my readers perfectly coincide with him in opinion; if they agree with him in esteeming every manly recreation as beneath the dignity of human nature; if they cannot distinguish between the enthusiastic ardour of the sportsman, and the wanton cruelty of a Domitian; if they wish to carry the refinement of education so far as to disable the rising generation from defending every thing dear to them against real cruelty and violence, I would advise them to proceed no further, but immediately to shut the volume, and send it back to the circulating library.

CHAPTER V.

THE resolution of Lady Eaglefield to persevere in a public education for her son, betrayed by her own feelings within, and so powerfully attacked by the arguments of her sister-in-law and Mr. Mortlock without, at length gave way. Nor did Mr. Beverley continue long to combat their opinions, being disgusted with the strong prejudices of Mr. Mortlock, (who, though always professing liberality of sentiment, was incapable of conviction with regard to any opinion he had once espoused) and, piqued at the frequent hints thrown out against the conduct of
his

his son, with which he himself was entirely satisfied.

Lady Eaglefield then at length determined to let her son pursue his studies at home, under the tuition of Mr. Beverley as to his learning, but under the inspection of herself as to his manners and his morals: but this determination was over-ruled by Mr. Mortlock. He had conceived a rooted aversion to Mr. Beverley, for what he called his conceited pedantry in controverting some of his favourite opinions; and after stating with every specious argument the superior use of the modern to the ancient languages, the acquiring which, in the English method, takes up so much of a lad's education; the total uselessness of Greek to a gentleman; and the possibility of acquiring Latin in the same manner, and with equal facility, as French and Italian; he at last prevailed, and it was determined to put Edward under a foreign tutor of his own recommending: and this domestic plan of education was carried on

chiefly at Eaglefield Castle, but sometimes enlivened by occasional residence in London.

From this time the intimacy between the boys gradually decreased; for, though the esteem they had mutually entertained for each other was by no means destroyed, and they occasionally associated when Henry came home at the holidays, their habits became so different from their different modes of education, and their pursuits and amusements so opposite, that they no longer felt the same satisfaction from each other's society.

When Henry had attained the age of eighteen (his father not approving an earlier entrance at the University) he removed to New College, and it was intended to send Edward, now sixteen, to finish his studies at a foreign academy. But the disturbances that were now beginning to agitate France, deterred Lady Eaglefield from permitting him to visit the

the Continent; and it was determined that he should complete his education at home, against all the remonstrances of Mr. Mortlock, who was particularly anxious that his young cousin should be a witness of the dawn of liberty and benevolence that was just opening on the regions of Europe.

The time of the Christmas vacation now approached, and Henry Beverley rejoined his family circle for the first time since his becoming a member of the University. Perhaps there is no transition in human life so striking as that from a school-boy to an Oxford student: it is almost a sudden leap from childhood to manhood: and if the family at Eaglefield Castle were before disgusted by seeing the home-bred master metamorphosed into the rude school-boy, they were now as much surprised at seeing the school-boy changed to a polite and elegant young man, unembarrassed in his behaviour, easy and correct in his conversation, and with no other

marks of diffidence than what were sufficient to shew a respectful deference to those who from their age and sex demand attention and regard from an ingenuous young man. Lady Eaglefield began to have doubts as to the mode of instruction she had chosen for her son ; for, on comparing even his external acquirements with those of his friend, it was not in the power even of parental partiality to avoid giving the preference to the latter ; and even some sensations of the same kind arose in the bosom of Mrs. Margaret Eaglefield, for so we must now call the maiden aunt, to distinguish her from a young lady who will be introduced to the notice of the reader in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

EMILIA Eaglefield, whom we have yet only mentioned as being a year older than her brother, was now in her eighteenth year. We shall not attempt a description of her person; for, as we wish to render her particularly interesting to our readers, and as tastes in beauty are very different, we will leave it to each of them to draw her according to the favourite object of his own fancy; premising only, that her face was beautiful, her form elegant, and her eyes expressive of the virtues she possessed, among which, feminine meek-

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ness, modesty, and sensibility were predominant.

I am by no means clear that these last qualifications will please many of my male or any of my female readers. In this case, I must recur to the advice given at the conclusion of Chapter IV. But the author is old-fashioned enough to think, that, as extreme delicacy of feeling is unbecoming in a man, so the contrary extreme, however much at present the order of the day, is very disgusting in a woman, and

“ That Omphale as ill the lion's spoil
“ Becomes, as Hercules the distaff's toil.”

There had always subsisted a strong friendship between Emilia and Henry Beverley. In the most robust of his boyish exercises, he was always ready to do her any trifling service in his power. The bird's nest supplied the linnet for her cage, and for her his pockets were loaded with nuts from the coppice; and she delighted to wear the violets he had collected
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in her bosom ; and she has been known even to discard a moss rose from her nosegay, to make room for a wild one that Henry had gathered from the hedges.

While Henry had all the character of a boy, this mutual partiality was unobserved, as well by the parties themselves as their connections ; but a rising blush on the face of Emilia at the first appearance of him in the character of a young man, betrayed the secret of her heart to herself. Conscious of what she felt, instead of the free and unrestrained behaviour with which she was accustomed to treat him, her manner became reserved and cold : the same change took place in the conduct of Henry with regard to her ; and the very means they both employed without knowing why to conceal their sensations, were the cause of revealing them ; and Lady Eaglefield and Mrs. Margaret soon perceived the reciprocal passion with which they were inspired.

A consultation was immediately held between the ladies on the subject, to which Mr. Mortlock was invited as an assistant. It will be easily supposed that gentleman must see, in the strongest light, the imprudence of encouraging such an attachment; yet so it happened, that he never heard any intelligence that gave him more sincere pleasure.

To solve this seeming paradox, we must recur to his violent desire of giving a foreign education to Edward, or rather Sir Edward, as we shall now call him, since he is verging towards manhood. He saw clearly the impossibility of persuading Lady Eaglefield to trust him from under her own eye on the Continent, and the hints he had frequently dropped of her fixing herself in some foreign city where he might attend the instructions of an academy, were received with the neglect that in truth so absurd a proposition deserved. But he had now an opportunity of urging the expedience of such a step, as the best method
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of breaking the growing attachment without seeming to notice it; which so far was certainly a desirable consideration, as love, of all passions, is most inclined to derive force from opposition.

These reasons he urged, and they had their force with both the ladies: an immediate arrangement was made for putting Mr. Mortlock's plan in execution, who offered his own services, having been used to travelling on the Continent, as their conductor; and early in March the whole family from Eaglefield Castle set out on their way to Lausanne.

CHAPTER VII.

THE travelling party consisted of Lady Eaglefield, her son and daughter, Mrs. Margaret Eaglefield, Mr. Mortlock, and the Swiss tutor: to these were added several servants, among which we mention as most conspicuous, old Robert, to whose care the equestrian part of the expedition was entrusted.

They embarked for Calais during that period of the French revolution which preceded the unfortunate attempt of the King to escape from his oppressors; a time when

when the English traveller was rather treated with cordiality by the votaries of liberty, whose wishes at that time did not go much beyond the modelling their own constitution on the plan of ours.

They went on board with a favourable gale; and as the day was fine, and the whole party, from the vicinity of their usual residence to the sea-coast, were so far familiarised to the inconstant element, as not to be incommoded either by fear or sickness, the voyage, which lasted only six hours, was a very pleasant one. When they were about the middle of the Strait, and had a distinct view of both the coasts, whose chalky cliffs had so long frowned defiance on each other, Mr. Mortlock could not avoid breaking out in strains of exultation on the happy prospect that presented itself, from the new order of things in France, of a lasting peace, founded on the basis of public happiness and liberty, being established between the two leading nations

nations of mankind, where the only contest in future would be, which should contribute most to the information and the prosperity of the human species. Amiable and pardonable error! which then occupied many a virtuous and many a patriotic mind, but which has been so cruelly frustrated by the excesses of the most sanguinary people on earth, which have done more to check the progress of real morality and sound philosophy than all the united efforts of bigotry and despotism recorded in the annals of mankind.

The whole party were struck with the novelty of the scene that presented itself to them on their landing. To find, after a few hours sailing, a total change in dress, manners, and language, is as striking a circumstance as any that can affect the imagination; neither was Mr. Mortlock the least surprised of the company.

If the others wondered at seeing so much difference between the place they had left and that at which they were now arrived, he was equally astonished at the alteration of the town of Calais he now saw, from that he had quitted several years ago. Instead of the scene of gaiety and joy, the activity of the men and the prattle of the women, all was deep and sullen silence, and a nation of levity and frolic seemed converted to a nation of politicians and philosophers; the politeness of the courtier gave place to the solemnity of the quaker; instead of the song and the dance, every corner of a street resounded with lectures on freedom and equality; and sans culottes and national guards, without uniform or discipline, succeeded to the plumed legions of the ancient government.

The foreign-bred philosopher could not conceal his disgust at the striking change he beheld, and the unpromising appearance

ance of those fruits which he had expected to arise from the progress of reason and liberty in France; neither was he a little mortified at being saluted wherever he went, even from the lowest orders, by the familiar appellation of Citoyen, instead of the more dignified titles of Monsieur or Milor. Mr. Mortlock, therefore, was very earnest to quit this renovating country for the rocky confines of Switzerland, then the happy abode of simplicity and independence; and, passing between the Isle of France and the Prussian armies that were at that time on the borders of Champain, they arrived in safety at the place of their destination, but not without great complaints from the ladies, of the wretched accommodations at the inns; while Robert was astonished at the wretched animals both for drawing and riding, which conducted them through a country where he had been taught to expect, from the eulogium of Mr. Mortlock, the utmost perfection both in horse and horsemanship, who

who could not suppress his indignation at the censures the old groom frequently passed on the strange equipment of the itinerant cavalry of France.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE family were soon settled in a pleasant and respectable house in the town of Lausanne. The ladies and the young Baronet were wonderfully delighted with the beauty of the surrounding country, where the wildness of the adjacent scenery, with the sublime prospect of the Alpine summits at a distance, formed a striking contrast with the clear unruffled bosom of the Lemman lake. Here would Mrs. Margaret, wandering among the rocks, pay a sentimental tear to the memory of the unfortunate St. Preux and Julie; while the fair Emilia, with a stifled sigh, would reflect

fleſt on the milder vales of Devon. And however inferior they might be to the ſcenery around her, I truſt the reader will not deem her totally devoid of taſte, when ſhe gave a preference not only to theſe, but to the moſt dreary wilds of Dártmoor, when the recollection of them brought to her mind impreſſions more deeply fixed on her imagination, than thoſe which even the pen of a Rouſſeau had drawn on that of her aunt. Sir Edward conſtantly attended the exerciſes of the academy, purſuing at the ſame time his ſtudies at home with his tutor, and attending at leiſure hours to the inſtructions of Mr. Mortlock.

The conſequence of this education was a competent proficiency in all the graceful qualifications of the body, and a mind amply ſtored with all the ſecrets of the new philoſophy. He could expatiate learnedly on the horrors and inhumanity of war, the bigotry of prieſts, the tyranny and fraud of governments, the pedantry
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of ancient learning, and the rude and unpolished manners that disgraced his own countrymen; and if these sentiments were impressed by his own family, they were confirmed by another English family that was settled in the same town.

Mr. Hawthorn, a Wiltshire gentleman, who was one of the few remaining characters distinguished by the name of Country 'Squire, with his lady and a son and daughter, were also settled at Lausanne — not brought thither either for health or education, but from another cause, which has driven many a gentleman, in advanced life, to a foreign residence.

Mr. Hawthorn succeeding to an incumbered estate, which he had still rendered worse by hospitality without œconomy, hounds, horses, and electioneering, found, to use the words of the comic poet, that, though he was in health himself, his affairs were

were in a galloping consumption; and he chose by a residence on the Continent to retrench his expences, which, from a false pride, he was ashamed to do at home.

Mr. Hawthorn was educated at a country school, from which he carried with him to the University small Latin and less Greek, neither did *Alma Mater* at all increase his store of either; his silken gown exempting him from academical coercion, and his inclination leading him more to the sports of Burford Downs, and the cries of Mr. Loder's fox-hounds, than to the lectures either of his tutor or the public professors, if they had ever read any.

And here let me be allowed a short observation on the discipline of our Universities.

There is no doubt that a man of fortune is too much left to be idle or diligent
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at his own option ; but a youth of parts and application will find no other place where he can have an equal opportunity of acquiring every solid and every splendid attainment in literature, and at the same time of gaining a just knowledge of the society in which he is to act and speak through life.

But to return. Mr. Hawthorn losing his father soon after he quitted the University, married and settled on his estate, being of an easy and indolent disposition (I mean as to his mind, for his bodily pursuits were of the most active kind). He married a prudent young woman, of a moderate fortune, on the recommendation of his friends, who might fairly be said to possess no character, using that word not in its moral but dramatic sense. Sammy Hawthorn was about seventeen. He had received his education from the parson of the parish, who was in every respect the direct contrast to Mr. Beverley, while the manners and acquirements
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of the pupil bore a strong resemblance to those of Goldsmith's Tony Lumpkin:

Miss Lydia Hawthorn, the daughter, who was nearly of the same age with Emilia Eaglefield, had passed much of her time with an aunt at Bath, by which she escaped the rusticity that marked her brother. She was very pretty, sensible, and unassuming. From reading a great deal, her mind was stored with information, which she was very diffident of retailing in conversation; and her deportment was obviously tinged with a cast of melancholy, which rendered her particularly interesting.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM the respectable light in which the Eaglefield family appeared, and the many connections Mr. Mortlock had formerly made in the place, they soon became intimate with the first persons in Lausanne; and the two English families being often together, the Hawthorns were frequently admitted in the same circles.

As one day they were at the house of an opulent German merchant, where a large party of both sexes and different nations were assembled, the conversation happened to turn on the peculiar mode of life

life that marked England from other countries, and especially on the custom which divided the ladies from the gentlemen after dinner. This custom found no quarter from any of the ladies, nor did it seem likely that any foreign gentleman should stand up as a champion for it, especially against such opponents.

As to the English, Mr. Mortlock and Sir Edward expressed the utmost abhorrence of the barbarous custom, as they termed it. The Hawthorns most likely, if they had joined in the conversation, would have espoused the weaker cause; and it is as likely their arguments would have done more harm than good to it. But, as the dispute was carried on in French, they were precisely in the same situation as if they had been both deaf and dumb.

After much had been said on the motives for this shocking custom, which was imputed to inebriety and a wish to

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indulge in gross conversation improper for the ear of ladies, an unexpected advocate appeared in a middle-aged French woman who had resided several years in England. She said, that, during her stay in that country she had witnessed many conversations on the subject, in some of which it was debated with a deference to the ladies present; and in others, where they were on a freer footing, it was fairly debated, every one giving their real opinion; and, by comparing one debate with the other, she was perfectly competent to judge who gave their opinion sincerely, and who not.

She said, she was by no means capable of deciding on the arguments, but of this fact she was certain, and she left the company to draw what inference they chose from it: that those men whom she knew were friends to the English custom, were the only ones whose company was agreeable to the ladies when they joined; and as for those who always wished to be with them,
the

the ladies themselves seemed to wish never to be with them at all.

This produced a look of wonder from all the company; but the conversation was suddenly interrupted by the following exclamation from Master Sammy Hawthorn: "Zounds! these here fellows understand English better than they do French, though I do not like punch without either rum or brandy in it." This exclamation, as may well be imagined, astonished the whole company, and was equally unintelligible to those who did and those who did not understand the language in which it was uttered. The cause of it was as follows: Young Hawthorn, from having made too free with some salt German sausages at dinner, found himself incommoded by extreme thirst, and, having tried to signify his wish for some beverage to assuage it, to many of the attendants, by all the means in his power, with attempts to give utterance to what he had read in the Dialogues in his grammar, by a pronuncia-

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tion that was as perfectly unintelligible as the gestures which accompanied them——losing at length all patience, replied to the question “vat you vant, fare?” of one of the attendants in a sharp tone—“Damme, beer.” The man, who was a native of Italy, imagining he said *Da mi bere* *, immediately brought him a glass of lemonade ; and this was the cause of the violent exclamation we have mentioned.

* The English reader is informed this is the Italian for “Give me something to drink.”

CHAPTER X.

THE French lady, whom we have mentioned in the last chapter, had a daughter, who, having received part of her education in England, was perfectly well versed in the language of both countries.

She was rather genteel in her figure than beautiful, though a pair of lively eyes, a very white set of teeth, and an interesting simplicity of manners, rendered her more an object of admiration than many regular beauties. She possessed all the natural vivacity of her country, which induced her frequently to bring forward

the doctrines she had imbibed from the course of her studies; and those having chiefly been employed on the novels of England and France, gave her a turn for which we have no appropriate name equivalent with *romantic*, by which the disposition of those young ladies was defined, who were tinged with manners derived from the perusal of romances and the earlier novels. The characteristics of such a turn, were high notions of sentimental love; expectations of finding a fighting swain in every man that appeared; chastity, platonism; and robbers and ravishers in every field, hill, and wood, which were converted by the fair enthusiast into wilds, forests, and mountains:—the two points of honour of each sex, courage and modesty, were raised to the highest pitch, and every damsel was a Lucretia, and every youth an Amadis. The characteristics of the present turn (for which, in default of a better, we will coin the word *novellism*) are almost directly the reverse. In fiction as well as reality, the age of chivalry is
past;

past; the sentimental philosopher takes place of the warrior in the favour of the ladies; and, to quote the words of the ballad, "the captain is no longer the charming man." The hero of the modern tale must be always depreciating the glories of the field, and must brand with infamy the sword of patriotism, though it glows with the blood of those who draw theirs against every thing most dear to him. The manly sports of the field stamp at once infamy on his character, though he may pursue natural history through all animated nature by the quiet apparatus of a dissecting knife and the air pump. Platonic love no longer soothes the fair enthusiast, nor is the desert or the masquerade longer haunted by the ravisher. As the hero grows sentimental, the heroine becomes manly; she strides the courser, or bends the bow with the nerve of a Thalestris: and cursing, like Eloisa,

"All laws but those which love has made"

if the husband is disagreeable, inattentive, or absent though on the service of his country, or in acquiring wealth for her, she is allowed to solace herself with some gentle youth, whom the hand of sensibility dresses out in the most bewitching garb, while insidious lust in the specious form of refined delicacy strews his false roses over the violated marriage-bed.

The warm fancy of young Madelain being cultivated in such a school, her imagination was filled with notions of blooming and innocent youths, unpolluted by the converse of the world, mild and gentle as the inexperienced virgin: an excellent and feeling heart, an understanding of no vulgar class, which, in proper culture, would have bloomed with every virtue of her sex, became a dupe to false opinions; and by forming notions of the world directly opposite to the reality, the one only led her to error, the other to folly.

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The sentiments of this young lady were so congenial with those of Sir Edward, that he soon became attached to her; nor were either his assiduities or opinions disagreeable to Madelain, who was a great favourite also with Mrs. Margaret.

There was, however, a formidable rival for the favour of both. Among the various characters who frequented the circle in which the English party mixed, was a French lady of the name of St. Amand; she was the widow of an officer, and was about thirty years of age. She spoke English tolerably well, though with a foreign accent; she was neither romantic, nor addicted to *novellism*, though perfectly able to put on the appearance of either — being amply endowed with that species of wisdom which is usually termed *art*, when applied to selfish purposes, and in her hands it completely merited that denomination.

As this lady soon perceived the peculiarity of sentiment that influenced the young Baronet and his advisers, for obvious reasons, in such a selfish character, she was a perfect votary of sentiment and philosophy, and became a great favourite, not only of Sir Edward, but of Mrs. Margaret and of Mr. Mortlock, whose good opinion she studiously courted, wisely considering, that if she failed in one attempt she might succeed in another. On which principle, when neither were present, she would occasionally speak in rapture before Sammy Hawthorn of the honest bluntness of the true English character; and Sammy would often declare he thought her the honestest young woman he had met with since he had been in that outlandish country.

CHAPTER XI.

A PARTY being proposed to explore the borders of the lake, partly by land and partly by water, they set out on the excursion on a beautiful summer morning. They proceeded in two boats; and after enjoying the beauty of the scenery for several hours, a small bay, overhung by rocks covered with evergreens, whence a pellucid rill, that, after forming a beautiful basin on the top, poured down the declivity into the bosom of the lake, tempted them to land. The cloth was immediately spread under the trees, and they partook with great pleasure of the cold viands that were brought

with them. The repast finished, some diverted themselves by walking up and down in the shade, while others had recourse to the contemplative amusement of angling.

Sammy Hawthorn was observed to quit the company, and go towards the servants, who were now employed in the same way their masters had been just before: and soon afterwards he returned with that dreadful instrument, a gun, in his hand. This weapon, it seems, he had desired old Robert (with whom he had commenced a great intimacy) to procure for him, having heard that the banks of the lake were much frequented by wild fowl of various kinds. The ladies immediately shrieked at the appearance of fire-arms; and the gentlemen rebuked him for introducing such an improper amusement in such a company—and especially Mr. Mortlock, who, with all the gravity of a Stoic, while he was drawing his fish-hook from the bleeding jaw of an agonizing

nizing trout, expatiated at large on the inhumanity of carrying destruction among the peaceful inhabitants of the groves merely for amusement. "If the infirmities of our nature," he added, "compel us to inflict death on our fellow inhabitants of the earth, do not let us delight in seeing them suffer, do not let us take pleasure in slaughter." Here his speech was interrupted by a sudden ejaculation that nearly amounted to an oath; for, as he was busily employed in empaling a writhing worm on his hook, the barb unluckily stuck into his finger.

Whether this circumstance struck Sammy as an instance of the difference between example and precept, or whether, as is more probable, he did not attend to the lecture, without any other reply than a whistle accompanied with a vacant stare he betook himself to the wood with his gun.

Soon

Soon after this, the company were struck with the moans of some animal in apparent distress, and, looking towards the lake, they saw a wood-pigeon pursued by a hawk. The unfortunate bird tried every art to evade the talons of its ravenous persecutor, which still gained on it, till at length it cowered down among the rocks, while its enemy sailing round with extended wings watched an opportunity of making its fatal dart. The ladies, assisted by Sir Edward and Mr. Mortlock, raised their voices, and waved their handkerchiefs to intimidate the cruel assailant: but he looked down from his airy situation with contempt on their fruitless efforts; while the poor trembling victim, alarmed at its misjudging friends, left its shelter, and again took its flight. This did not escape the piercing eye of the hawk, who instantly pounced on its defenceless prey. A shriek of unavailing pity burst from the party, when, just as the hawk was reaching the pigeon, he gave a sudden turn, and
dropped

dropped lifeless into the water: the dove flew away in safety, and the report of a gun at the same instant announced the victorious Sammy Hawthorn as the deliverer of oppressed innocence.

CHAPTER XII.

THE party again embarked on the lake ; the gun ceased to be an object of disgust to the ladies ; and the Knight of the Pigeon was in favour with the whole company, who agreed in general that it was not inconsistent with the gentlest humanity to kill a ferocious animal.

To this, however, Mr. Mortlock objected ; and he began a long dissertation, to prove, that as hawks and wolves were naturally carnivorous animals, we had no more right to punish them for eating pigeons

geons and sheep, than to punish those for eating tares and grafs.

Here Mr. Hawthorn put in a word ; for, as all the company spoke English, the conversation was carried on in that language.

“ I am surpris'd, Sir,” he said, “ to see you so very angry with the sports of the field, when you seem so fond of fishing. Now, I have been in at the death of many a fox and hare in the course of my life, and shot many a pheasant and partridge, but I never could like fishing ; the cruelty of pulling, or rather tearing, the hook from the jaw of the animal is so much one's own act, the suffering of the fish is brought so immediately to our observation, that it always gives me disgust.” To this remark, which appeared so just, Mr. Mortlock did not exactly know what to answer ; and while he was beating about for some argument to confute, or at least puzzle, his antagonist, of whose abilities he had not the highest opinion, the dispute was taken up by

by Captain Cameron, a Scots officer in the Austrian service, in which he had lost an arm.

“How very ready people are,” said the Captain, “to find excuses for what pleases themselves, and to blame pursuits in which they take no delight!

“Those diversions only seem to me exceptionable on the score of inhumanity, which either inflict greater pain on the animal than the mere privation of life, or which tend to inure the mind to acts of cruelty. In the first of these points, the philosophic diversion of angling seems more blameable than the rougher sports of the field. In the last they seem much on an equality, as the sufferings of the prey seem not to fall under the consideration of the sportsman in either case. I am certain that many a keen fisher and shooter would suffer the extremity of hunger rather than cut the throat of a sheep, or strangle a fowl with his hands—though it must be confessed

confessed the angler cannot always disengage his hook without a process something of the same kind. My whole life has been passed in the profession of arms, and in scenes of horror, and yet I trust I am as incapable of committing an act of deliberate cruelty as the most delicate lady in this company. I have seen many an officer who has not changed countenance when the cannon

"Hath blown his ranks into the air;
And like the devil from his very arm
Puffed his own brother—."

who has turned pale and trembled when obliged to attend the punishment of a soldier. Is there any comparison in the real crime between killing a brave and virtuous young man and executing an assassin? And yet what soldier in the service of his country, or even sometimes in a less justifiable cause, but will attempt one, and would shrink with horror from the idea of doing the other? The only rules for a man are those of virtue and honour; I detest the false refinement that disables a man from
doing

doing his duty. The tear and the handkerchief are the only arms that the female can employ in the cause of oppressed innocence, and never may they try any other! But, among our sex, I prefer to all the sentimental philosophers in the world, this honest lad, who brought the hawk down with his gun. Real humanity consists in relieving distress and repelling violence, and not in fighting over the death of lice and mites that we inhumanely massacre while we scratch our heads and swallow our cheese.

“A boy should be severely checked for any wanton act of cruelty. I should have a very ill opinion of the man who would not tread short to avoid crushing a beetle, even if he had never read the fine sentiment of our British poet; but do not let us write elegies on flies, or mourn for sentimental hawks, cut off in the flower of their life, while they are indulging their natural propensities by feeding on pigeons and partridges.”

CHAPTER XIII.

THE weather, which had hitherto been so favourable, began now to alter for the worse. Thick clouds gathered round the summits of the mountains, and by degrees spread over the whole atmosphere, and the sound of distant thunder announced an approaching storm. The boatmen were directed to row to the nearest part of the shore, where some fishing-huts promised shelter from the violence of the tempest.

They had scarcely reached the asylum when the rain began to pour down in torrents; tremendous peals of thunder broke over

over their heads, and the whole element seemed in a blaze with incessant flashes of lightning. The women were in the utmost terror; nor even was the firmest bosom among the men free from alarm. The only person who affected unconcern was Madame St. Amand.

At the beginning of the storm she had laughed at the fear of those ladies who had professed a dread of thunder, and declared, she always enjoyed the appearance of that awful phenomenon of nature; and she had too much pride to let her fears get the better of her hypothesis, till an oak shivered to atoms within an hundred yards of their retreat threw her into hysterics at the bottom of the hut; while Lady Eaglefield, who had not spoken a word before, clasping her trembling daughter in her arms, recommended herself to that Being, without whose direction not a sparrow falls to the ground, who can punish with the sunbeam, and save with the thunderbolt.

The

The tempest continued with increasing violence, till the gloom of approaching night added to the terror of the scene, and the fears of the company were augmented by the boatmen, who represented the place as the occasional haunt of midnight plunderers. They would now have ventured out in the storm to avoid a greater danger; but that was impossible, the wind blowing right on the shore with a degree of violence that precluded all hope of escape by water.

The men now began to calculate the means of resistance in case of an attack. They could neither depend on the courage or the fidelity of the boatmen; they had no weapon but Sammy Hawthorn's gun; but as a military weapon he seemed to have no idea how to use it, neither did his father the 'Squire appear to think with Justice Balance, in the Recruiting Officer, that it was as easy to bring down a hat and feather as a woodcock. Besides these, none of the gentlemen were habituated to fire-arms, except Captain Cameron, who was disabled.

disabled. Mortlock would as readily be shot at as pull the trigger; neither had the young Baronet ever discharged a gun in his life; and as he was not naturally deficient either in courage or a sense of honour, he felt a rising blush when he saw himself as incapable of active exertion as the females, and obliged to entrust every thing dear to him to the arm of an aged servant; for the gun was delivered to old Robert, who, though not a capital shot, had occasionally assisted the game-keeper in his sporting excursions both by day, and his researches after poachers by night. Though the storm continued, it ceased now to be the principal object of terror.

Every ear was listening for the sound of footsteps; and the slightest rustling among the trees, that could be supposed to indicate the approach of a man, was more the object of alarm than the deepest roar of the thunder.

During this interval of fearful expectation, a distant whistle was heard, which
was

was answered by a voice that seemed nearer, and at the same moment the noise of the oars was distinguished; for the boatmen, alarmed by the signals, preferred the fury of the waves to encountering the danger they apprehended from the banditti.

Captain Cameron, who assumed the command, ordered a strict silence to be kept; he directed Robert to be in readiness with the gun, but on no account to fire till he gave the word: the other men, not excepting Sir Edward and Mr. Mortlock, armed themselves with some pieces of wood they found in the hut, but which were scarcely more formidable weapons than their hands.

For a short time every thing was quiet; when on a sudden a loud shout was heard, and immediately afterwards the trampling of horses, and then the report of fire-arms.

On this Captain Cameron sallied out from the hut, directing Robert to follow

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him

him closely with the gun. The storm subsiding, by the light of the moon, which now appeared through the trees, he observed two men supporting a third who seemed wounded, and horses standing by them.

The Captain and his attendant were also perceived by the strangers, one of whom called out in French, "If there is any habitation near, for Heaven's sake direct us to it, as my friend has been shot by some ruffians, and is, I fear, dangerously hurt;" to which Captain Cameron replied, in the same language, "There is no habitation here, except a few fishing-huts to which some ladies have retired for shelter from the storm, and into which we can permit no person to enter, without the strongest assurance of their peaceful intentions. We have fire-arms, and are prepared to repel any hostile attack."

The stranger again said, "We are English travellers, who have been attacked
by

by banditti, but whom we have driven off."—"If you are Englishmen," said the Captain in that language, "tell us your names." The stranger replied also in English, "The wounded gentleman is Lord Alton, son of the Earl of Montgomery." "Enough," interrupted the Captain, and immediately advanced with Robert to their assistance; and between them they brought the wounded person to the door of the hut.

CHAPTER XIV.

THOUGH the fears of the company were removed for the present, their situation was truly distressing.

Lord Alton, who had received a shot in his leg, was in great pain, and it was impossible to afford him any relief, as the only light was from the moon shining through a thick shade, and occasionally obscured by driving clouds. To wait the dawn of day seemed all they could look to, though a delay in dressing the wound might be of fatal consequence.

As

As they were consulting how to act in this unfortunate situation, the servant who was gone to take care of the horses called out, that he saw a light approaching. This renewed the alarm, but not in so great a degree, as they had now an accession both of efficient numbers and arms.

It was determined that the unwounded English gentleman and the servant with their pistols, and Robert with the gun, should go towards the light, and see whether it belonged to friend or foe.

On approaching the light they hailed it, and soon found it belonged to the fishermen, who had been alarmed by the men from the boats, and were coming with a lantern and arms to enquire what was passing at the huts. They found from these persons, that there was an inn at about a mile distance. It was resolved therefore to form a kind of litter of boughs, and carry Lord Alton thither, sending, at the same time, one of the men, who knew the

E 3 country,

country, on a horse to Lausanne, which was a league further, for a surgeon.

They now proceeded with the lantern to the hut; but what was the surprise of the Eaglefield family, when in the English gentleman they recognised the features of Henry Beverley!

And now I should be happy to gratify the curiosity of my fair readers, by immediately informing them of the circumstance that brought this youth so opportunely from the banks of the Isis to the Lake of Geneva; but we must first of all attend to the wounded Lord, whose critical situation as well as his rank (for, as the title of this history imports, we are aristocratically inclined) demands our first care.

Lord Alton was removed to the inn, and by the diligence of his bearers, superintended by the attention of Beverley, without suffering great pain.

A surgeon

A surgeon from Lausanne attended almost as soon as they arrived. As there was something in his appearance not very likely to raise a prepossession in his favour, Henry Beverley was resolved to have some conversation with him before he permitted him to operate on his friend. In a minute's discourse he found he had a favourite hypothesis; a quality, though too common among medical men, of all others the most dangerous in that profession.

He deprecated what he called the weakness of the modern practitioners, in trying to render surgical operations as little painful as possible. He argued, that pain was necessary to stimulate the exertions of nature under its sufferings; that steadiness, and not humanity, was the merit of a surgeon; and to enable his own children (all of whom he educated with an eye to his own profession) to endure the pangs of others without horror, he inured them from their infancy to torture every animal that fell in

E 4 their

their way, and once was on the point of commencing a prosecution against a person who liberated a suffering mouse from the clutches of these young tyrants.

To such a man Beverley would not consent to trust Lord Alton. He was perfectly sensible of the necessity of steadiness of hand, and firmness of nerve, in the surgeon; but these might be attained without hardening the heart. He therefore rode himself to Lausanne, and returned with the most eminent surgeon in the place; by whose skill the ball was extracted, and who declared his patient to be in as favourable a state as could be expected from the nature of the wound.

CHAPTER XV.

WE will now return to the circumstances that occasioned Henry Beverley to visit Switzerland. The excellent character he brought with him from Winchester, as to the qualities of his head and heart, soon introduced him to notice in the University; and, while the brilliancy of his parts and his attention to his studies gained him the esteem of the graver part of the college his activity spirit, and conviviality, made him beloved by his contemporaries.

Without neglecting his exercises, or being habitually intemperate, he would sometimes subject himself to the censure of the proctor, by being out of college during studying hours, or after the awful summons of Great Tom ; and occasionally has had an imposition given him by that tremendous officer, or the dean of his college. These punishments, however, generally terminated to his advantage, as, the natural goodness of his disposition and understanding teaching him to distinguish spirit from obstinacy, he was ever ready to acknowledge the errors his vivacity had led him into ; and the classical elegance of the compositions that were imposed on him made his literary accomplishments known to the whole University.

Among the intimacies he formed, he contracted a particular friendship with a young man of the name of Montague, a student of Christ Church. Their manners and pursuits were congenial, and they
were

were seldom apart either in their studies or their diversions; and, during the vacations, the friends alternately accompanied each other to their respective homes, where the parents of both were equally pleased with the companion of their son.

A short time before the young men were of standing at the University for a bachelor's degree, Montague received a letter from his father, informing him that by the death of his elder brother he had acceded to the title of Earl of Montgomery, and desiring his immediate attendance at his seat in Dorsetshire.

Lord Alton (for such was now the ceremonial title of Montague) obeyed his father's commands without delay, and prevailed on Beverley to accompany him. As he had exceeded the usual residence of men of rank and fortune at the University, who have no other view than the completion of their education, it was resolved, by the mutual consent of father and

son, that Lord Alton should make the tour of Italy, that of France being rendered impracticable by its present situation.

The idea of sending Lord Alton abroad under the care of what is commonly called a travelling tutor, never entered into the imagination of the Earl, but a travelling companion of the character of Henry Beverley struck him as a most desirable object. He accordingly proposed it to the young men, and found it eagerly embraced by both, except that Henry first desired to consult his father. Mr. Beverley had too sincere a regard to his son's welfare, to hesitate a moment on accepting an offer which must be immediately so advantageous to his education, and might eventually contribute to his future advancement in life. The scheme, therefore, was directly put into execution, and the young men set out for Italy, by way of Germany and Switzerland; and, being benighted on the borders of the lake of Geneva in
their

their road to Laufanne, Henry Beverley fell in with his unknown friends in the unexpected manner and at the critical juncture we have already mentioned.

Lord Alton, by the goodness of his constitution and the skill of his surgeon, recovered so fast, that he was soon able to remove to Laufanne; and a few weeks entirely restored him so as to be able to pursue his Italian tour without any inconvenience, not the least vestige of lameness remaining from the accident.

It so happened, however, that in the same proportion as his loco-motive powers increased, his desire of exerting them, at least in a removal from his present situation, decreased, and the wish of treading classical ground, and examining the relics of ancient and the arts of modern Rome, became every day weaker and weaker; while his companion was not very forward in 'whetting his almost blunted purpose,'

pose,' or very anxious to quit the newly-recovered friends of his earliest years.

But, whether this reluctance arose from a particular attachment to his much-altered former companion Sir Edward, or a desire to profit by the sentimental lectures of Mrs. Margaret Eaglefield and Mr. Mortlock, I leave to the judgment of the sagacious reader.

CHAPTER XVI.

IT is an observation of some writer, no matter who, that the most permanent friendships are often formed between people of opposite dispositions, and that the *Idem velle et idem nolle* is not always the foundation of union.

Be that as it may; as we have already mentioned that the friendship of Lord Alton and Henry Beverley was founded on a congeniality of disposition, so it now began to appear, that their likings and dislikings were the same (for such, my fair

fair reader, is the meaning of the above Latin sentence).

Lord Alton was, like Henry, disgusted by the affected sensibility of the maiden aunt and sentimental philosopher; and alas! like Henry, he was not insensible to the perfections of Emilia Eaglefield.— This partiality did not escape the observation of any of the Eaglefield family; and such an alliance as that with Lord Alton was an object extremely agreeable to every part of that family, the person only excepted to whom it was of the most, or, in truth, of any real consequence; for surely, to a young woman of rank and fortune, it is essentially, even in a prudential view, very little material to her happiness, whether she marries a gentleman (provided he possesses the qualifications of that character) with or without a title.

These qualifications, however, Lord Alton possessed in an eminent degree; but, unfortunately

unfortunately, Miss Eaglefield saw them with a stronger predilection in another person, who possessed them, at least, in a degree as eminent.

For some time every thing passed with the most perfect satisfaction to all parties.

Henry and Emilia received the most heartfelt pleasure from the renewal of their long broken intercourse; and this, adding to the natural good humour of each, threw a brilliancy on every conversation, and the exertions of the power of pleasing, which solely originated from the wish of being agreeable to each other, were unfortunately too fascinating for others; and while the elder part of the Eaglefield family beheld with joy the increasing regard for Emilia which shewed itself in every action of Lord Alton, Sir Edward could not but observe with envy the attentions of Madelaine (to whom
he

he was now strongly attached) for his former friend.

And here let me warn the young readers of my own sex (if any such there are, who, descending from the sublime studies of Heber, Hoyle, and the newspapers, will condescend to look into a novel) not to mistake the character of the other. There is no lady, however delicate she may be in her sentiments, who does not prefer something beyond delicacy in a man. The triumph of a woman is to subdue the strong and the brave, not the timid and the feeble. The partiality of the female character for the soldier is not founded on the prejudice of chivalry; it is as old as nature and Homer.

Helen, the lovely and perfidious Helen, who forsook her husband, her children, and her fame, to follow a gay seducer, no sooner saw her lovely Paris flying from Menelaus in the field, than she burst into
tears,

tears, and lamented the fatal passion that tore her from the arms of a hero, and gave her to a gentle swain, who was afraid to justify by force the wrongs he had committed by treachery. Even the chaste Andromache and the faithful Penelope—— But enough of Epic ladies—let us return to Lausanne. Even the artful St. Amand was not insensible to the gallantry and accomplishments of Henry, and endeavoured to throw as much nature as possible into her manner when she conversed with him; which, with the assistance of a stolen glance and a half-smothered sigh, she sanguinely concluded would be irresistible.

One person alone of the party seemed insensible to his merits. Poor Lydia Hawthorn was a prey to a secret melancholy that appeared solely to engross her thoughts; and though, whenever the conversation took a grave turn, the tear of sorrow always stood in her eye, the liveliest sallies of wit and humour only called forth a half smile, transient and faint as the
watery

watery beam that weakly illuminates the gloomy sky of a winter evening.

As the passion of Lord Alton rapidly increased, and as he could see nothing either in the manners or the situation of the lovely object of it to induce him to hide or restrain it, he resolved to communicate it to his friend, and consult with him on writing to his father, informing him of his attachment, and desiring his concurrence in the design he had of offering his hand to Miss Eaglefield.

This unexpected declaration threw Beverley into an astonishment not to be conceived. Entirely wrapped up in the sweet delirium of Emilia's conversation, every thing else had been to him a blank, and he had not the least idea of his friend's passion. Awaked as from a dream, he knew not what answer to give; and pretending sudden indisposition, he left him hastily, and gave himself up to his own thoughts.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOR the first time in his life, Henry Beverley found reflection painful to him, because it was the first time that his duty and inclination were at variance. He felt in a moment the impropriety of his engaging the affections of Miss Eaglefield, with whom he had no prospect of being ever united. He knew the virtues of his friend, added to, instead of receiving lustre from, his dignified situation: he knew him deserving of the choicest blessings in the nuptial state, and perfectly as worthy of the hand of Emilia as she was of his.

He

'*He* was' (to use the words of that immortal bard who is as superior in poetical language as in every other poetical talent)

'The half part of a blessed man,
'Left to be finished by such a she
'And she a fair divided excellence
'Whose fullness of perfection lay in him.'

But, when his memory added,

'Oh! two such silver currents, when they join,
'Do glorify the banks that bound them in,'

he felt remorse tug at his bosom, for he unhappily stood in the contrary predicament.

Instead of contributing to a union so desirable, his passion was the sole obstruction to it.—"No!" exclaimed the generous youth; "let me be wretched—but let my friend—let my adored Emilia be happy. To what use is my study of philosophy, my sense of religion, if I cannot subdue a passion that my reason tells me is contrary to the laws of honour and duty? —Yes, I will persuade Miss Eaglefield
to

to accept an offer so every way proper for her, and advise Lord Alton to write directly for his father's consent." Filled with this heroic resolve, he walked up and down the room with great self-complacency, when lo!—how are our firmest resolutions sometimes staggered by the slightest incident!—His meditations were suddenly disturbed by a scratching at the door, which he knew was a signal of his favourite terrier requesting admittance ; and, on opening the door, he perceived the neck of Viper was adorned by a ribband which he had observed in the morning make a part of Emilia's dress.

The sight of this acted like a talisman on Henry. It brought to his mind a thousand instances of regard manifested in their earlier intimacies by the same trifling circumstances—if any circumstance can be called trifling, that, in love, is more decisive of true affection than a thousand serious protestations. For, in that passion, more than in politics, to
which

which Selden applies the maxim—‘you will sooner see which way the wind is by throwing up a straw than a stone.’

This incident did not only unhinge the resolves of Henry, but shewed him the absolute impossibility of executing them, if he were so inclined; for it brought clearly to his view the reciprocal regard of Miss Eaglefield; and he knew nothing would tempt her to give her hand to one man, while her heart gave the preference to another; neither would he on any account have advised her to do such an act, were he himself totally unconcerned in it.

With regard to his friend he was equally distressed. He could not think of encouraging him in his pursuit in earnest, and to do it apparently, while he privately counteracted his designs, was a thought his integrity spurned at. Neither could he bring himself to declare his situation to him; and yet, without doing it, he could

could have no pretence to dissuade him from applying to his father.

Tossed between a variety of schemes, and unable to adopt any, he left his room undetermined how to act, and incapable of resolving on any measures but what accident might throw in his way. But Henry had now a new perplexity to encounter. As he was walking along pensively ruminating on his situation, who should accidentally meet him but Madame St. Amand! Finding him absent and inattentive to her advances, she began rallying him with all the vivacity of her country:—"Upon my word, Monsieur, you are a very extraordinary man: surely you must possess a wonderful share of the spleen of your country, to be so very miserable when two fine women are dying for love of you."—"Heavens! Madam, what can you mean?" replied Henry, starting.—"Mean?" cried the lady; "do you think the tender glances that pass between a certain young lady and you have

escaped my observation? And have I not observed also that the fair and lively Madelain has neither eyes nor ears for any thing else when you are present? But adieu! for I find you are not inclined to be good company at present, at least to me; and so I leave you to your meditations." So saying, she gave him a slight tap with her fan, and tripped away, singing a French air.

The last piece of intelligence surprised him greatly. Having no grain of the coxcomb about him, he was not inclined to think every woman in love with him who treated him with kindness; and besides, his constant attention to Emilia Eaglefield gave him little opportunity for other observations. But, when the object was thus pointed out to him, in spite of all his diffidence a thousand circumstances crowded on his recollection, that convinced him there was more truth than he wished in the insinuation.

To

To a man of more vanity or less principle than Henry Beverley, this reflection, however much it might have perplexed him, would have brought some consolation with it: but to him it was pure unmixed pain, to be thus the innocent cause of crossing the wishes of his two dearest friends; for to Sir Edward Eaglefield he was still sincerely attached, though he lamented the shade an ill-chosen education had cast over his native virtues.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN Lord Alton was abruptly left by Beverley, his thoughts naturally recurred to the subject nearest his heart.

On reflection, he saw the indelicacy of applying to his father, or indeed of communicating his passion to any other person, till he had made a declaration of it to the lady herself. He was therefore sorry for what he had already said to Henry Beverley, and was determined to proceed no farther till he had the approbation of Emilia, which he was resolved to solicit on the first favourable opportunity.

The

The two friends were now in a very awkward situation with regard to each other, being equally careful to avoid speaking on a subject which was always uppermost in their thoughts ; and this threw a restraint on their conduct and conversation, when together, totally opposite to that unreserved communication of sentiments to which they had always been accustomed.

We have said that Lord Alton determined to take the first favourable opportunity of opening the situation of his heart. Now, odd as it may seem, though he was continually in her company ; hour after hour, and day after day, passed without that opportunity presenting itself to his imagination.

In the mean time the breast of Beverley was torn by the most poignant anguish. He felt the restraint he was in before his friend, as the consequence of a criminal duplicity ; while on Lord Alton's side it was merely an awkward reserve, occa-

sioned by his having begun to open a subject to his friend prematurely, which he soon hoped to impart to him with the most unbounded confidence.

A struggle of this kind was too much for the generous spirit of Beverley to endure long; and after many various determinations, which were broken as soon as formed, he at length finally resolved to fly from the conflict, and seek refuge and consolation, where alone he could hope to find it, in the friendly councils of his affectionate father :

He immediately made the necessary preparations for his journey, without imparting his design to any one, and departed from Lausanne, leaving this short letter to Lord Alton :

“ My Dear Friend,

“ A peculiar circumstance, which I cannot impart even to you, drives me
from

from this place. I am on my return to England.

"When next we meet, I trust I may be able to unbosom my griefs freely to you. That I cannot do it now gives me a pang that I am unable to describe : but oh ! forgive and pity the unhappy

"HENRY BEVERLEY"

As Beverley intended travelling on post-horses, for he thought his mind would be freer as his body was more agitated, he could not take his terrier with him, but he meant to leave Viper in the care of Lord Alton's servants. However, the night before his journey Viper was missing ; and he left a note for Lord Alton's groom, desiring that he might be diligently sought for, and, if found, taken particular care of.

The road lay by the garden of the Eaglefields ; and on that part of the garden that was nearest the road the window of Emilia looked.

Towards that window Henry cast a melancholy glance, and involuntarily checked his horse; when to his great surprise he saw Viper, adorned with the collar that has been already mentioned, lying under the window on the turf.

As soon as the terrier heard the horse's feet, like a faithful sentry he challenged with his voice in no very low note. His master calling to him, the strain of defiance ceased, and he immediately sprung forward with actions of gratulation. The barking of Viper drew Miss Eaglefield, who was already dressed, though at a very early hour, to the window; and the moment she reached it, she was struck with the voice of Henry, and directly after by his appearance on horseback.

She opened the sash, and expressed her surprise at seeing him there so early in the morning. Immediately the servant and a guide with a portmanteau caught her eye. "Heavens!" she exclaimed, "Mr.

Beverley,

Beverley, whither are you going?" "I am going," he replied, "my lovely friend, to England. Some unexpected business.—— Will you condescend to take charge of this poor animal, who has entered a kind of volunteer into your service? He will perhaps sometimes remind you of his unfortunate master." "Remind me of you?" replied the charming Emilia; "can I want any thing to recall to my memory the companion of my infancy, the friend of my youth? and are you unfortunate, and I not acquainted with the cause? O Henry, Henry, would I have treated you with such distrustful coldness?" Here the tear swelled in his eye, and his voice was choaked with the convulsive struggles of his bosom: he leaped from his horse, and was on the point of entering the garden, when he saw Mr. Mortlock at some distance in conversation with the gardener. He stopped, and saying with a faltering voice, "Farewell, my sweet Emilia! may we soon meet again! and till then may the guardian powers of innocence, not purer

or lovelier than yourself, protect you!" he sprung on his horse; and ordering his servant to deliver the dog to the gardener, and then follow him, he was out of sight in a moment.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE sudden departure of Henry, and the mysterious solemnity of his farewell, struck Emilia both with astonishment and sorrow ; and she continued ruminating on a thousand vain conjectures she had formed, till she was summoned to the breakfast table.

She had not been long seated when the tranquillity of the repast was interrupted by the notes of canine distress. This, on inquiry, originated in a duel between Viper and a favourite French barbet of Mrs. Margaret Eaglefield, in which the former

had greatly the advantage ; for, besides the notes of terror already mentioned, the victorious terrier exhibited a certain portion of the furry coat of his antagonist in his mouth by way of trophy. Though, on investigating the origin of the quarrel, it appeared that the barbet was the aggressor, and had violated the laws of hospitality by an unprovoked attack on the stranger, the gentle spirit of the maiden Margaret was so irritated by the indignity and danger her *protégé* had experienced, that she demanded exemplary vengeance on the offender. In this she was seconded by Mr. Mortlock ; for that gentleman was so partial to every opinion of the fair accuser, that he had entirely forgotten his arguments in favour of the hawk.

Poor Emilia was in a very perplexing dilemma. She could not bear the thought of any violence being offered to Viper, now in her charge ; and yet she felt an invincible repugnance to avow that he was in her charge, or to take an active part in his defence.

fence. Her brother's interference immediately occurred to her; and she took an opportunity, during the violence of the storm, to request Sir Edward in a whisper to undertake his defence.

This he readily did; for, his humanity not being quite so sophisticated as that of the other, and being founded on nature, was capable of discrimination: besides, Viper was the descendant of a terrier that had been a favourite of his own, and formerly the companion of the sportive hours of him and Henry Beverley.

It would be little entertainment to the reader to enter into the various arguments on each side of the question; which was at last terminated by the arrival of Lord Alton, who put an end to the contest by declaring that he could not permit the dog of his friend to suffer any injury, especially as before his departure he had recommended him to the care of one of his servants, and that he would take the charge of
of

of him; a determination peculiarly agreeable to Miss Eaglefield, as she was sure the favourite of her friend would be carefully attended to, and in the existing circumstances, to use a fashionable phrase, to keep him under her own protection was impossible.

As Emilia's eye was ever the faithful index of her heart, it beamed on this occasion with unusual complacency on Lord Alton, and which was not diminished by the concern he expressed for the sudden departure of Henry, and the warm and exalted terms in which he spoke of that young man.

The benign aspect of Emilia did not escape the observation of Lord Alton. The time now appeared which he thought favourable for declaring himself to her. Nevertheless, it so happened, that during the whole day no opportunity occurred of addressing her apart from the rest of the company,

company, and an accident happened that deferred it to a distant period.

We shall also for a short time defer our account of that accident, and pursue the footsteps of Henry Beverley.

CHAPTER XX.

HENRY Beverley lost no time on the road, though he was obliged to take a circuitous route, as France was now in open and inveterate hostility with Great Britain, and Flanders was the principal theatre of war.

He arrived safely at the house of his father in Devonshire, who was much surprised at his sudden appearance, and still more by the melancholy that was painted in his countenance, and the paleness of his looks, to which the fatigue of the journey had considerably added.

Henry

Henry did not suffer his father to continue long in suspense, but unboomed his whole mind to him with the most unre-served confidence—secure of meeting indulgence for his faults, consolation for his misfortunes, and the most salutary advice for his future conduct.

Mr. Beverley knew enough of the passions of youth, to be sensible that they were more easily diverted into another channel than openly combated. He therefore advised his son to turn his mind to some pursuit that would engross his attention, and open future prospects to his ambition, and proposed the study of the law.

The youth was not insensible to the call of ambition, but he wished to follow it in a more active field. The military preparations he saw on every side in his journey had fired his imagination. He was roused to indignation by the enormities of the French, and he longed to join the glorious enterprise
of

of those who were combined to rescue the rights, the liberty, and the religion of Europe from their ferocious inroad.

Mr. Beverley at first tried to oppose this inclination : but when he found that it was deeply rooted in his heart, and saw how necessary immediate exertion was to the restoration of his peace of mind, he at length consented to gratify it ; for, though the talents and learning of his son gave him the fairest prospect of rising to the highest dignities of the law, he by no means thought they would be useless to him as a soldier, which he always looked on as a character that placed every quality of the body and mind in the strongest light, and in which eminence could only be acquired by the exercise of every talent of which human nature is capable.

This step being determined on, Mr. Beverley used all his diligence to put it into immediate execution. And having
good

good interest, and not being sparing of money for the advancement of his son, as it was at the time that officers and others were raising men for rank, he easily procured him a lieutenancy, and soon after one of the new companies, which he exchanged for one in an old regiment on foreign service, and was immediately ordered to join the army in Flanders.

The same manners that had endeared young Beverley to his fellow collegiates at Oxford, made him universally beloved in his regiment; and while the open frankness and manly politeness of his conduct gained him the friendship of his equals, his strict attention to his duty procured him the respect of his superiors, and his humanity and attention made him a favourite of the soldiers, being ever ready to hear and redress their grievances, but never on any occasion relaxing from the strictness of military discipline. An officer who insists on the minutiae of parade even with some degree
of

of severity, and is what the young malingerers call a *Martinet**, is often greatly esteemed by the soldier; but an officer who neglects them is always both hated and despised. To these qualifications must be added, the undaunted resolution he shewed on every occasion where he was called forth to exert it, in the face of the enemy, during a very active campaign. In a scene of so much action and fatigue, Henry's thoughts were in some degree diverted from preying on his heart. Still, however, the image of Emilia Eaglefield, his own hopeless passion, and the rivalry of Lord Alton, clung to his bosom; they were present to him as well in the conviviality of the mess, and the terrors of the field, as in the solitude of his tent.

In such a state of mind the jovial levity of his brother officers was occasionally

* This is taken from the name of a French Officer in the reign of Louis XIV. who was one of the first introducers of strict discipline into the French army.

disagreeable.

disagreeable to him, and he would often retire from the festive circle to indulge his sorrows in his marquée. He soon perceived a disposition something congenial to his own, in an officer of his regiment; and this naturally produced an intimacy between them; and Lieutenant Hamilton and Captain Beverley were soon inseparable companions. Henry discovered his own state to his fellow soldier, as far as was consistent with the sacred regard he had for his mistress and his friend; and in return Mr. Hamilton related the story of his misfortunes to Henry, only concealing the names of the persons concerned.

CHAPTER XXI.

“MY father,” said the Lieutenant, “had been in the army from his youth. Dying when I was about seventeen, I was left with a very small fortune to the care of an uncle, who was himself in orders, and wished to bring me up to the church.

“As my father was very much attached to his own profession, his conversation had generally a military turn, and I insensibly imbibed an ardent passion for arms. My father had himself taught me mathematics and fortification, to qualify me for a soldier, as well as French; and my

my uncle, by his desire, instructed me in the classics; for, though he was unacquainted with them himself, he had seen too much of the world not to know the value of them as a brilliant part of education, and to consider them as of peculiar use to an officer, by introducing him to the notice of the most respectable societies in the variety of places to which the nature of his service must carry him.

“ I was happy enough to make a proficiency under both my instructors ; and on my father’s death, being a very tolerable classic scholar, and having some taste for composition, my uncle, with a very usual prejudice, said I had more learning than was necessary for an officer, that my acquirements would be thrown away in a military life, and was very anxious, as I have already said, to bring me up to the church—promising me that, when I was of age to take orders, he would relinquish in my favour a very good living which he then held, and of which he possessed the advowson,

advowson—and hinted, that as he had no other heir, I might expect to accede to a very good fortune at his death.

“An offer like this was not to be rejected by one of my small expectation. I continued about two years under his tuition, when he entered me at Cambridge just before the long vacation; at the expiration of which I was to take up my residence at the University.

“During the summer, my uncle was advised to use sea-bathing for his health; in consequence of which, he resolved to pass some time at Weymouth, taking me with him.

“The gay scene that presented itself was highly delightful to a person of my age; and as my uncle was pleased to see me noticed by the best company, I entered into all the amusements of the place; I frequented the assembly, and was one of the party in many an excursion on the sea.

“From

“ From the variety of beautiful women who crowded this place of fashionable resort, my heart selected one as the particular object of its attention: this preference produced assiduity, ending in a warm attachment, which I had every reason to imagine was returned, and weeks passed away in a delicious dream of felicity:—it was soon dissipated, and I awoke to misery.

“ A young man of large fortune and splendid equipage arrived at the place. He was ill-educated, vulgar, and conceited, having just stepped from behind an attorney’s desk into a large fortune acquired by a relation in the East-Indies.

“ He immediately fixed his regards on the object of mine; however, I had the pleasure of seeing him treated with contempt, and myself with increased esteem. I was soon marked with a jealous eye, and the young coxcomb took every opportunity of insulting me, till carrying his im-

pertinence one day too far, he received a check, which effectually prevented any further attempts of the same kind. He now opened another battery; and finding his elegance and accomplishments had no effect on the young lady, he resolved to try what weight his fortune and equipage would have on an aunt, under whose protection she was. To her, therefore, he declared his love for her niece, and made a formal offer of his hand and person. The overture was accepted, and he was introduced as a lover who had the aunt's approbation.

“ Dependent on my uncle, and just entering into life, with such a lover I could have no competition. I found the behaviour of the young lady very distant when we met; but imputing this to the restraint she was under, I with some difficulty got a short conversation with her, in which I had the pleasure of receiving the strongest assurance of her unaltered affection for me, and that no consideration
whatever

whatever should induce her to give her hand to another.

“ I imagine our conversation was observed, for the next morning I found she had left Weymouth. You may easily conceive what must have been my sufferings on this occasion ; but think how they were aggravated, when, at the end of a fortnight, I received a letter from her, taxing me with falsehood and meanness, and renouncing all further connection with me !

“ I was too well acquainted with her hand-writing to have any doubt of the letter being genuine. I was distracted with grief and rage.

“ It was obvious I had been misrepresented to her, and I was resolved at all events to clear up the mystery ; I took horse immediately, and proceeded to the place of her residence, leaving a short note, with a frivolous excuse to my uncle for my sudden absence.

“ I took up my abode in a small market town within a few miles of the house where I knew the young lady’s aunt resided.”

“ I watched every avenue in hopes of meeting her in her walks, but in vain; till returning late one evening towards my temporary habitation, as I was passing by the side of a wood, I was suddenly assaulted by ruffians, who left me senseless on the ground, and who, most probably, would have put an end to my life had they not been interrupted by some passengers, who conveyed me to a farm-house.

“ It was some days before I was sensible of my situation; and, on my recovering my senses, I had a letter from my uncle put into my hands, inclosing a bank note, and reprehending my conduct in the severest terms, advising me to give over all thoughts of the sacred character I should disgrace, and turn my mind to the only one I was fit for—the army; and informing me that the sum entrusted to his care by my father
for

for my use, amounting to a little above six hundred pounds, was lodged in a banker's hands to purchase me a commission.

" This was no great cordial to my drooping spirits; I clearly saw I had been way-laid by the contrivance of my rival.

" My uncle's indignation I imputed to my sudden elopement. I was too proud to seek pardon for an imprudence which had been punished so much beyond what it merited; and as my wounds were only bruises, I was soon able to follow my uncle's advice, by entering on a profession for which I had always a strong partiality, and which was now particularly agreeable to me.

" As soon as I was able to travel I set out for London, to consult with an officer of eminence in the army, who was a friend of my father, on purchasing a commission.

By his interest I procured, without purchase, first an ensigncy, and then a lieutenancy; and after writing several letters without success to Miss———but I will not disclose her name, I set off to join my regiment."

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN Lieutenant Hamilton had finished his story, Henry Beverley said to him, "I am surprised, as you are so clearly convinced that you were assaulted by the contrivance of your rival, it did not also occur to you, that through the same channel you had been misrepresented both to your mistress and your uncle, and that before you left England you did not take some steps to trace the mysterious business to its source."

"Why," replied the Lieutenant, "I have often since my arrival on the Continent

continent asked myself the same question; but my spirits were so agitated at the time, that I had no opportunity for reflection. Besides, I was so indignant at the unworthy treatment I had received from both, that, during the paroxysm of my rage, I did not think my false mistress or my cruel relative worth a moment's care; but, had I been so disposed, what could I have done, young, poor, and unfriended, against the arm of opulence and power that seemed raised to crush me?—No; the only hope I have is in the field of glory, where, as Lord Randolph says in Douglas,

“The man that makes

“Me turn aside must threaten more than death.”

“I perfectly applaud your heroic spirit,” replied Beverley, “as to the pursuit of glory, and would certainly not advise you in that pursuit, to turn aside from the fear of death, though it stood before you, in the most terrific form. But to hunt purposely for death, which, from the example you have brought, appears your design, is weakness,

weakness, not courage. Whether you make your own pistol or the firelock of the enemy the instrument of your premeditated destruction, you are equally a suicide, and of suicide no man of real honour, in modern times, has ever been guilty. The army to the brave and diligent is generally the road to preferment; true merit in the profession of arms is not so often neglected as those who, having none, and (like Captain Cormorant in the Bath Guide) only think themselves they should be preferred, are fond of insinuating. In a country like this, where so much depends on parliamentary interest, there will sometimes be partiality; but under our Royal General, who can have no interest to influence him but the glory of his Father and the welfare of his Country, true merit may look up with confidence to promotion; and as for the strength of opulence and power (which, by the way, is not in England so formidable, even to the lowest ranks, as the author of Caleb Williams insinuates) it will shrink to more

than infant weakness before the frown of the victorious soldier, crowned by the applause of his comrades, and the gratitude of his country !”

And here my reader must pardon me for a short digression on some of the novels of the present day, which if he chooses he may pass over, and go on with the next chapter.

It is necessary for the writer of fictitious story, to connect probable events by circumstances, which though by no means either impossible or improbable, seldom really occur in ordinary life. By such means a stronger interest is excited than ever takes place in the recital of actual events. The characters are enveloped in greater distress, and, the change of fortune consequently accompanied with a livelier pleasure; no circumstances are taken in that can alleviate the distressful scene, or darken the bright one. In real life, the desponding lover may be induced

to smile at the gambols of a kitten; and the happy lover be sorely afflicted by a fit of the tooth-ach; but what novel-writer would introduce such means to destroy the effect he is trying to produce?

Such are the arts of the poet to interest his readers, and commendable is such art when used to inculcate virtuous principles, or even to afford innocent amusement. But diabolical is the attempt to collect and connect every possible event in such a manner, as to produce a probable series of incidents that shall make mankind dissatisfied with their natural or political situation, or plead an excuse for the breach of fidelity and chastity; though, if such accumulated temptation could be supposed to have happened, they might have shaken the firmest virtue. Let this sentence, however apparently severe, be ever the character of female virtue in the novel-writer,

Dos est magna parentium
Virtus, et metuens alterius viri
Certo fœdere castitas
Et peccare nefas aut pretium est mori*.

Indeed, when I see transcendent genius employed as it too often has been lately, it appears to me as criminal, as if Sir George Baker or Dr. Reynolds should employ their medical abilities in increasing the malignity of poison, and, instead of trying to alleviate the powers of disease and arrest the progress of infection, should increase their violence, rack the individual with pain, and load the atmosphere with pestilence.

* Her only dower, her noblest claim,
The bright inheritance of virtuous fame;
Her spotless mind, that dreads to prove
The untried horrors of adulterous love,
From guilt as from pollution flies;
She dares not to offend, or daring dies.

BOSCAWEN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TO return now to the party in Switzerland.—Lord Alton, as he was passing from the house of the Eaglefield family to his hotel, heard the sound of a number of persons in high dispute, and the cries of a woman in apparent distress. He immediately went up to the place, and found several people, well-dressed, surrounding a lady. He inquired into the cause, and was answered with roughness by one of the persons, that it was no affair of his. Lord Alton replied with great spirit, that to assist a female, who was insulted, was the affair of every one who deserved the name

name of man. High words now passed on each side, and Lord Alton would have suffered for his interference, had not the city guard come up. The affair was investigated; when it appearing that it was only a riot occasioned by a number of young men heated with wine, and a prostitute in the same situation (for such was the distressed damsel), and one of the persons, who was a son of a principal magistrate, answering for their appearance in the morning, if necessary, they were all discharged on condition of immediately separating. Before they parted, however, the young man, just mentioned, between whom and Lord Alton the high words had passed, desired his address, which was immediately given.

Early the next morning, the young Swiss, who had been an officer in the French service, called on Lord Alton, and insisted on satisfaction in such terms as precluded all attempt at any conciliatory overtures.

In

In consequence of this, they went without the walls of the town, and, engaging each other with their swords, after a few passes Lord Alton laid his enemy bleeding on the grass.

His first thought now was the care of his wounded enemy. On stepping up to him and inquiring into his situation, the young Swiss said, "Your sword has passed through my body, and the wound, though I do not now feel any mortal symptom, must be dangerous. The laws here are so severe against duelling, and my relations are so powerful in this city, that, should I die, your life must answer for it. You have behaved like a man of honour; send a surgeon to me, and then escape directly out of the territory of Laufanne."

Lord Alton saw the necessity of taking this salutary advice, and, lamenting to the wounded officer the cruel necessity that occasioned his unfortunate situation, directly went to the surgeon, to whose skill he himself

self had been so greatly obliged; and after desiring him to be speedy in his assistance, set off from Lausanne, sending a letter to Sir Edward Eaglefield, explaining the reason of his sudden departure.

It may well be imagined that Emilia was uppermost in his thoughts. He wished to address her in writing, but was totally at a loss what to say; he could not in his present situation make his first declaration as a lover, and on no other pretence could he have any excuse for particularizing her from the rest of the party.

At length his charge of the terrier occurred to him, and in a short note he desired she would deliver him to the care of old Robert. His heart wished to add more—his judgment hesitated, his hand trembled.—He hastily sealed the note, and sent it half unfinished to its destination.

Deprived of the companion of his travels, and uneasy in his mind, he felt no inclination

clination to pursue his tour through Italy. His passage through France was cut off by the war, and he was not particularly anxious to return to England; he therefore resolved first to revisit the mountainous part of Switzerland, and to shape his way from thence to Vienna.

The sublime scenery through which he passed, struck him at once with awe and delight; at the close of one day, he paused among the still recesses of the mountains to survey the region around him. The immense masses of rock sometimes stretching their craggy summits to the clouds in naked simplicity, sometimes clothed with tangled forests which seemed inaccessible to human research, the depth of the valleys, and the roar of the torrents, that rushing from cliff to cliff glittered in the sunbeam as they appeared occasionally through the shade of the woods, all conspired to soothe his imagination; and giving way to the impressions of the moment, his care and anxiety were for a short time suspended.

He

He was awakened from the delirium by the sound of a flute, which proceeded from a thicket that was close to him. There was something so wildly plaintive in the notes, so correspondent to the theatre around him, that the strings of his heart vibrated in unison with them, and on their ceasing he involuntarily exclaimed,

“That strain again—it had a dying fall;
“Oh, it came o’er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon on a bed of violets,
“Stealing and giving odour.”

As he gave these lines rather a strong impression with his voice, they reached the ear of the minstrel, and from the same shady covert issued these words, “Heavens! what, do I hear my native language? What chance can have brought an Englishman to this solitude?”

On hearing these words, Lord Alton advanced towards the wood, and, the stranger at the same time approaching him, they met at the edge of it. The stranger
appeared

appeared to be a man of about fifty, plainly but neatly dressed, his hair "a sable silvered," gentleman-like in his appearance, and his complexion marked the effect of military service in a hot climate.

After the usual exchange of mutual civilities, the stranger desired Lord Alton to walk into what he called his hermitage, and take some refreshment. The offer met with a ready acceptance, to which curiosity was no small inducement. He was conducted to a clean cottage, in which was a room rather elegantly fitted up, and furnished with a number of books, and several flutes and violins. As the manners of his host, as well as the appearance of his habitation, excited the surprise of Lord Alton, he could not avoid expressing it in his countenance.

"I see," said the stranger, "you wonder to meet a human being in this solitude; but here have I resided six years, without communication with any person but the rude inhabitants

inhabitants of a neighbouring hamlet, who furnish me with provisions and other necessaries."

Lord Alton observed to him, that it must surely be no common accident which could induce him to quit the society of mankind. The stranger said with a deep sigh, "It is indeed no common accident that has driven me hither, but the history of my misfortunes would only be painful." "If not too much so to yourself," replied Lord Alton, "the relation of them would gratify a curiosity that I confess is raised to the highest pitch: besides, perhaps I may be able to afford you some consolation." "I hardly dare hope that," said the recluse, "though I must own, that I felt a joy to which I have long been a stranger, at hearing the sound of my native language in this solitude, after so many years disuse. However, first partake of what refreshment this lonely place can afford, and then, if you desire to hear it, I will relate the story of my life." Saying this, he produced some cold
roasted

roasted kid, fruit of several sorts, and wine; for he was not, though a kind of hermit, so strict a one as to adhere solely to a Pythagorean diet, or refuse to mingle the cheering juice of the grape with the cool beverage of the fountain.

Having concluded their repast, the remains of it were given to Lord Alton's servant, and then at his repeated request the hermit began to relate the story of his life.

CHAPTER XXIV.

“ I AM descended from an illustrious family in the highlands of Scotland. My father was one of the unfortunate chieftains who, in the year forty-five, took arms in the cause of the exiled house of Stuart: he was engaged in all the battles of that fatal war; and after the decisive defeat of Culloden, was obliged to abandon his country, and take refuge in France.

“ He had a young wife whom he fondly loved, and two children, myself not a year old, and a brother ten months my elder. We both received a military education

cation at the expence of the French government; and when we were at a proper age for service, he entered into the army of the Emperor, and I into that of the King of France. My brother served in the Austrian army during the seven years war, and, in one of the last engagements with the King of Prussia, had the misfortune to lose his arm by a cannon ball. I was then a cadet in Marshal Broglie's army, and had permission to visit him during his confinement: since that time I have never seen him, but I have heard that, being unfit for service, he retired to some cheap part of the world, to subsist on the scanty allowance of a reduced German officer.

"During the peace, I had the good fortune to rise to the rank of major; and falling in love with a young lady of great beauty and good family, but without any fortune, listening more to the voice of passion than prudence, I unfortunately married her—I say unfortunately; for, though

though she was every thing a man could wish in a partner for life, yet a competent fortune, which is almost essential to every one in the married state, is absolutely so to a soldier.

“Almost in any other station, competence may be acquired by mutual prudence and industry; but the profession of arms, by dividing the family, doubles expence, and annihilates mutual exertion.

“When France took part in the American war, my regiment was ordered to cross the Atlantic.

“As a Briton, my heart revolted at the idea of serving against my king and country. My father had drawn his sword against what he thought a foreign usurpation, in the cause of one he esteemed his lawful sovereign. But the claims of the house of Stuart were now over, and Britain was governed by a British king, who, being the sovereign of a great people, scorned

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to be the head of a party. The Highlander was re-endowed with the rights of a British subject; and if his sword had been sullied by treason, the stain had been washed out in the blood of his country's enemies.

“ With some difficulty I got leave to change my regiment for one in the East-Indies, where, at least, I was more likely to be engaged against oriental auxiliaries than my own countrymen.

“ When I embarked for that distant region, I resolved to send my wife and an infant daughter to reside in England, under the care of one of her relations that was settled in London; and I desired them to assume their own family name, from a fear, perfectly as I have since heard ill-founded, that there would be danger in seeming connected with any of the proscribed families in Scotland.

"It was my good fortune to be successful in India. Though no one in the French service has the opportunity of acquiring the immense property of many English adventurers, I had attained enough to fix myself and my family with comfort in my own country, to which, though unknown to me, I anxiously longed to return. While I was indulging myself in the anticipation of such a pleasing prospect, I received a letter from England from an unknown correspondent, informing me, that the relation with whom I had placed my wife and child was dead, and that they were returned to France.

"I immediately took shipping for England; but never could I obtain any tidings of my wife and daughter, or trace the person who had written to me.

"I have inquired in vain through every part of Europe—but, alas! they are lost for ever.

"Hopeless

"Hopeless and heart-broken, at last I gave up the pursuit, and retired to consume the remainder of my days in this solitary retreat, dreading the reflection of what they may have suffered without a friend and protector in these days of public calamity; my sleep broken with dreams of horror, and my waking fancy ever hanging on the sad image of my lost Louisa St. Clair!"

"St. Clair!" exclaimed Lord Alton; "St. Clair!—Heaven and earth! do I hear right? Tell me, tell me directly the name of your daughter."—"Madelain," replied the stranger.—At this Lord Alton leaped across the room, and, seizing his hand, cried out with a voice choaking with tears of joy and benevolence—

"Be the demon of despair banished from your heart from this moment! Three days ago I left Madame St. Clair and her fair daughter Madelain in health and comfort at Lausanne."

No words can express the felicity on the occasion of Colonel Frazer (for that was the name of the solitary officer). He threw himself on the neck of Lord Alton, while a copious flood of tears relieved the tumult of his heart that was bursting with joy. To this, however, doubt succeeded; and he questioned him with trembling anxiety about the minutest particulars of these ladies; and every answer he received tended to confirm him in the hope that they really were his long-lost wife and daughter.

The night passed away in conversation on this subject; neither did the approach of morning find either of them much disposed for sleep. However, they lay down for a few hours, when Lord Alton bade adieu to his host, and pursued his journey, leaving him fully determined to go immediately to Lausanne, and inquire into the truth of the joyful intelligence he had received.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE moment Lord Alton departed, Colonel Fraser, after setting his cottage in order, and locking his drawers, having taken money and other necessaries for his journey, which last he put into an old knapsack, set out to the neighbouring hamlet; and recommending the care of his habitation to an old matron, whom he had occasionally employed in domestic offices, he procured from one of the villagers two mules and a guide, to conduct him to Lausanne.

Nothing material occurred till he approached the environs of that town ; about a mile from which, as his guide seemed doubtful as to the right road, perceiving a gentleman sitting under a tree at some small distance, he rode up to him to inquire the way. The gentleman, who was reading, laid down his book to give him the necessary information.

Their dialect soon shewed to each other that they were North Britons ; for, though each had been wanderers, the frequent communication with their countrymen gave their language, though acquired in a foreign country, the distinguishing accent that marks the inhabitants of Scotland. And the same laudable partiality that occasioned this retention of dialect, naturally drew them to each other when they found they were of the same country. I call this a *laudable* partiality ; for though their southern neighbours stigmatise it with the name of national prejudice, it seems to me the foundation of general

neral - humanity and true patriotism. I have heard much, and read more, of citizens of the world and universal philanthropists ; but I never would trust that man who did not prefer his own family to strangers, and his own countrymen to foreigners. The beautiful simile of Pope is not more poetical than true, and the hypocrite is asked by the highest authority, " If thou dost not love thy brother whom thou hast seen, how canst thou love *him* whom thou hast not seen ? "

As it was necessary to move a few paces from the spot to point the way to Lausanne with precision, the gentleman arose from the turf on which he was sitting, with some difficulty, and Colonel Fraser now perceived he had lost an arm ; and casting his eye on his coat he saw, by an order of merit hanging at his button-hole, that he had been in the Austrian service. These circumstances, together with his time of life, which was nearly that of his own, and a countenance that appeared familiar to him, awaked a

thousand tender sensations in his bosom; and he could not help saying—"Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons for the question, but I have a particular reason for asking, will you favour me with your name?"—"Freely, Sir," replied the gentleman; "my name is Cameron!"—"That is a name," said Colonel Fraser, "with which I am indeed nearly connected; but the motive of my asking you, was an idea that it might have been Fraser—my mother's name was Cameron!"—"And so was mine!" exclaimed the other. "Oh my brother!" Saying this, they rushed into each other's arms, and were awhile speechless with fraternal affection. When they recovered themselves sufficiently to enter into an explanation of each other's circumstances, it appeared that the elder brother had received a small fortune at the bequest of a relation of his mother, an officer also in the Imperial army, in consequence of which he had assumed his maternal name of Cameron.

Colonel

Colonel Frazer immediately inquired of his brother, if he knew any ladies at Lausanne of the name of St. Clare? to which he answered, that he had once or twice been in company with two ladies of that name, who he understood were mother and daughter, at the house of an English family now resident there, but that he had no farther acquaintance with them. Colonel Frazer then mentioned to his brother the very near relation he was in hopes they bore to him, and requested he would undertake to make the necessary inquiries for him; and if his sanguine expectations should not be disappointed, to break to them his arrival at Lausanne, lest his sudden appearance should affect their feelings too much.

This office Captain Cameron readily undertook. And while Colonel Frazer waited the event of the embassy at his lodgings, he attended the ladies, and soon returned to his brother with a full confirmation of his warmest hopes; and the long retired hermit found himself restored

to society in the arms of a wife, a daughter, and a brother.

Madame St. Clair and the lovely Madelain (now Mrs. and Miss Frazer) introduced the Colonel to the society of the Eaglefield family, who received him with heartfelt satisfaction, and congratulated themselves on their newly acquired countrywomen.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT this time the clouds of French tyranny began to lower over all the Continent of Europe, and the contagion of republican despotism spread to the territories of Geneva. Britain, guarded by its surrounding ocean, held forth the only asylum, and to this asylum its own inhabitants could not hesitate a moment to return. The united families of Eaglefield and Hawthorn, joined by the Frasers and Captain Cameron, therefore determined to set out for England by the way of Germany, Col. Fraser first drawing his property from the Bank of Geneva, in

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which

which it was placed, and whence he used to receive his remittances during his solitude.

Their journey commenced during the time of the autumnal equinox; and as the mountainous and woody country through which they passed attracted the clouds, they were almost drowned by an incessant deluge of rain. This was a circumstance by no means pleasant to the equestrian part of the travellers, and old Robert was perpetually upbraiding the foreign postillions and the servants at the inns where they stopped with the badness of the climate. This sometimes brought on a sharp retort, as every foreigner who forms his opinion of the climate of England, from books either of our own or extraneous growth, must believe that the sun never shews his face to our gloomy island, and that we are covered by incessant showers in the summer, and impenetrable fogs in the winter. And once as Robert was expressing his dissatisfaction rather

rather freely as he was drying himself by the kitchen fire of an inn, a stander by asked him if it never rained in England? to which he reluctantly replied with a kind of surly hesitation, "Yes, sometimes." "And does not that rain wet you?" "Never," replied angrily the irritated groom; and flinging out of the house in a passion, he swore he would rather continue wet in the stable with the horses, than dry himself among a pack of fellows who were so confoundedly partial to their own country.

While we are conducting our biped travellers towards their native land, I hope the delicacy of our fastidious reader will not be shocked by our adverting for a moment to a quadruped, who has already had some part in this history, and whom we may possibly have occasion to notice again. Viper, in consequence of the note from Lord Alton to Miss Eaglefield, and in consequence of a dearer interest in Viper's welfare than any note from Lord Alton could give him in the eye of that lovely

lovely young woman, was consigned with strict injunctions of care to the protection of Robert, which was most readily undertaken by the old groom, as well from the regard he had for all the canine species, as the affection he bore to the fair patroness of Viper; and he prevailed on one of the female attendants, for he had great influence among the servants, to admit him as an inside passenger in the voiture in which she travelled. Neither did Mrs. Margaret continue to harbour any ill-will towards the dog, now he was admitted as the protégé of Lord Alton, though she carefully guarded against any danger the heroism of her favourite might draw on himself in another unequal combat, by making him lie on her lap in the carriage during the day, and on the coverlid of her bed in the night.

After the usual process of grumbling at the roughness of the German roads, and the dirtiness of German inns, the travellers arrived in safety at Hamburgh, and

and from thence embarked for Yarmouth. The length of this passage, which far exceeded that of a Devon water party, or the traject from Dover to Calais, was not very amusing to the ladies, and they were not sorry to find themselves once more on English ground.

From Yarmouth they all proceeded to London, at which place they separated—the Eaglefield family to Devonshire, Mr. Mortlock to his own habitation, the Hawthorns to Wiltshire, to lament the vanity that drove them from living on a contracted scale at home, to meet every kind of inconvenience and increased expence abroad; and Mr. Frazer, with his brother, wife and daughter, to revisit the country of his ancestors. The brothers, resolving to assume the British character, laid aside the military distinctions acquired in foreign service, and changed, one the appellation of Colonel, and the other the title of Chevalier, for the plain distinction of Mr. sensible: that though a soldier is the most honourable
of

of professions when employed in the cause of his King and Country, his glory is tarnished when his sword is drawn in any other cause, and that it is only beneath the ensigns of Great Britain that a British warrior can acquire unsullied laurels.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE separation of persons who have been long together, especially in a foreign country, which occasions a closer union among those of the same nation, is always painful. On parting, every little bickering that may have happened is forgotten; and scenes of pleasure or difficulty of which they have mutually partaken are remembered both with joy and regret. The travellers did not divide without giving and receiving pressing and sincere invitations to visit each other's abode, if ever chance, business, or amusement should afford the opportunity; and Sir Edward Eaglefield declaring

declaring his intention of making the tour of his own country as soon as he had settled his mother and sister in Devonshire, Mr. Frazer particularly requested that he would not forget him if he visited the Highlands of Scotland, and gave him a direction to that part of the country in which he hoped to fix.

This invitation was an additional inducement to Sir Edward to undertake his purposed expedition; for the charming Madelain had not lost ground in his esteem by increased acquaintance. On the arrival of the Eaglefield family at their native seat, a pleasing sensation at revisiting scenes endeared by long habit, pervaded every one of the party except the bosom of the lovely Emilia. Lady Eaglefield felt a melancholy joy in again contemplating the place of her former happiness; Sir Edward recollected the sports of his youth with his former much-loved friend; and Mrs. Margaret walked through shades which her earlier imagination

tion had peopled with fairies and dryads, Arcadian shepherds, and amorous and valiant knights. The servants also partook of the delight, and repeated to their rustic friends, with much triumph and some exaggeration, their wonderful adventures in foreign parts; while Robert beheld the dogs and horses he had left in the stable and the kennel with the affection of an old friend, and introduced his charge Viper as an addition to the society.

But, alas! there was no joy for Emilia; every idea that was recalled by the recollection of past scenes was truly painful; and as love and melancholy are ever allies to the muses, she gave utterance to her sentiment in this ode:

I.

Once more fair Devon's halcyon vales
In radiant prospect meet my eyes,
Once more my breath the breeze inhales
That fans her tepid skies.—
I view once more the azure wave
Her forests' verdant borders lave,

Where

Where gay Sylvanus' jocund train
To meet the sea-green nymphs advance,
And mingle in the festive dance,
Beside the placid main.

II.

Yet sure, or much my senses fail,
The scene with fainter beauty glows,
Less bright the skies, less soft the gale,
The wave with darker azure flows,
Than when in childhood's frolic hours
Sportive I cull'd wild nature's flowers;
First trod the heath-enpurpled ground,
First paced the margin of the flood,
Or wander'd through the tangled wood,
Young pleasures laughing round.

III.

Lift to yon lay!—Where from the lyre
Once dulcet notes of rapture stole,
What frantic touch now wakes the wire,
And harrows all the soul?—
Not from itself the discord springs,
Unchanged the stops, unwarp'd the strings—
'Tis the changed minstrel's hand alone:
Thence, strains that took the imprison'd ear
And steep'd the sense in bliss, we hear
In wild disorder thrown.

IV. The

IV.

The woods as green, the skies as blue,
As bright the azure billow flows
As when to cheer my infant view
The prospect first arose.
But while by grief for pleasures past
The gloomy scene is overcast,
The brightest landscape smiles in vain,
Sad memory each charm destroys,
And only points to wither'd joys
That ne'er must bloom again.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SIR Edward Eaglefield now thought of putting his intended scheme of domestic travel into execution ; and he set out in his post-chaise, in which he was accompanied by a French valet, who hardly spoke or understood a word of English, and attended by a groom and old Robert on horseback.

His projected route lay through Wales and the northern Lakes to Scotland. As manners and adventure, not antiquities or scenery, are the objects of our narrative, we shall neither crowd our pages with the
rarities

rarities of the towns through which he passed, nor attempt to describe the sublimity of the Welch mountains, or the beauties of the waters of Cumberland and Westmorland. To combine in one work the pathos of interesting narrative, the faithful delineation of manners, the enchantment of chaste and yet luxuriant description, and the merit of unrivalled poetry, is the lot of superior genius alone; yet while we try to imitate, though with a far inferior hand, some of the paintings of the artists we have hinted at, we cannot but lament the cause, whatever it may be, that has enlisted such transcendent powers on the side of the enemies of Great Britain, and, with that, of the religion, the morality, and the liberty of mankind.

Sir Edward's principal object being an investigation of the curiosities of his own country, his intention was to visit such of his friends and relations as lived in the country through which he passed, as by their means those things that claimed his
attention

attention would be better pointed out to him, than they could be by the inn-keeper or the barber, who generally act as Ciceroni in a country town.

The first place that he stopped at was the city of Bath. The elegant symmetry of the streets and buildings, and the beauty of the surrounding hills, struck him with admiration, neither was he less pleased with the gaiety of the company who filled the rooms. As he resolved to stay a few days in this place of polite resort, he enrolled himself among the number of subscribers. His title immediately attracted the notice of the master of the ceremonies, and he was soon introduced to the best company of the place.

This was the first time he had ever mixed in any public society in his own country ; for though he had when very young frequented the public places of the metropolis with Mr. Mortlock and his tutor, in those he was merely a spectator and not
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an actor; and he was surprised with the roughness of manner apparent in the best educated persons of both sexes, compared with what he had been used to abroad. The bow and curtsy he found entirely disused—not among the noisy and the forward only, but by those who apparently were persons of fashion and distinction; and the hearty shake of the hand, and the plain surname without any addition, with which he saw the persons of the highest distinction greet each other at their first meeting, both astonished and disgusted him: while he plainly perceived that his own formal bow and distant address had the same effect on those to whom he was first introduced.

Partial as every man is to his own habits, the first feeling of his mind was a contempt for the rude manners of his countrymen; but being naturally neither a coxcomb nor a fool, when he came to reflect that it was among these people he

was to pass his life, and that no acquirement was otherwise valuable than as it gained him respect among the society of which he was a member, he began to have some doubts whether he might not be obliged to unlearn some of the accomplishments of which he had been most proud. Several circumstances however contributed to strengthen his first prejudices, and confirm him in the contempt he had entertained for English behaviour. On joining in conversation with many of the young men who seemed to lead the ton of the place, he found their discourse chiefly turned on dogs, horses, and gaming; that the greatest display of personal skill was driving two different-coloured horses in a curricule; that the supreme elegance of the master and his equipage was to resemble as much as possible a returned post-chaise driven by a postillion; and that the strongest effort of the mind was, to play a rubber at whist without deviating from the rules of Hoyle.

From

From this society he was glad to seek refuge in the gentler converse of the ladies. Seeing therefore several lively young women in earnest discourse, he took the advantage of having danced with one of them, to introduce himself to the party, where he expected to find the subject, if trifling, at least elegantly so; and if the debate did not turn on some subject of polite literature, the criticism of a novel or a love song, he thought at least to hear some remark on dress, dancing, and music. But what was his surprise, on finding they were deep in a debate on the French revolution!

Some were exulting on the renewing energy of the rights of man, and others as earnestly sanguine in the hope of removing the wrongs of women, under which description were classed the restraints of reserve, decorum, and meekness, which tyrant custom has imposed on the lovely sex. Some were pushing the argument into the regions of metaphysics and reli-

gion: but Sir Edward abruptly quitted the circle with marked disgust; for surely no character is so ridiculous as a female politician, none so truly shocking as a female atheist.

Sir Edward now turned to look over a card-table; and making inadvertently some remarks on the game, he received rather a sharp rebuke from one of the party.

One word drew on another, till the dispute ended in an appointment to settle the business the next morning on Claverton Down; and there both parties met at the hour they had settled, accompanied each by a friend.

But when they began to prepare for action, they found their arms were different. Sir Edward, whose second was a noble French emigrant, had no more idea of fighting with pistols than with fowling-pieces; and every one knows that in England, since swords are entirely disused as an article

article of dress, except at Court, a proposition to fight a duel with that weapon would be treated like one to fight with fists.

After some dispute between both principals and seconds, each declaring his total ignorance of the antagonist's weapon (for Sir Edward, as it has been before observed, was unpractised in the use of fire-arms, and felt as much trepidation at drawing a trigger as receiving a shot; and his opponent, though an officer, had never learnt to fence), it was determined to toss up; and the choice of the weapons was won by the Baronet. Here a new difficulty arose: Sir Edward was the only person furnished with a sword; and it was impossible to adopt the expedient suggested by Hypolito in Dryden's *Tempest*, and fight with it by turns. But the officer had a brace of pistols with him. Being thus circumstanced, Sir Edward had too much spirit to insist on his casual advantage, and immediately received the pistol from the of-

ficer's second, who in return desired him to fire first. They took their ground ; but, as Sir Edward was adjusting his aim, the pistol having a hair trigger went off, and the ball entered the ground within a few inches of his own foot.

The officer, who was an Irishman, desired him to load again, as he said he scorned to take advantage of an accident. On this, the seconds interposed. They strongly expressed their dislike to see men who had each shewn so high a sense of honour, hazard their lives for a trivial dispute. This produced an explanation, and at length caused a reconciliation, between the combatants, and Sir Edward and Captain O'Brien returned good friends to the town.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FROM Bath Sir Edward went to Bristol. On his way he could not but reflect on the second instance of the great and serious inconvenience he had found from the total inability of using the most familiar weapon of the present day; and he began to think *that* education was not perfectly fitting for a *gentleman*, that did not qualify him for exerting himself also as a *man* on every occasion where it was requisite.

When he arrived at Bristol, he went to the house of an opulent citizen, to whom he had been recommended, and was received with the plain civility and open hospitality, that usually is, or at least was, the

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characteristic of an English merchant. He was conducted to every thing worth seeing in that commercial city, and was entertained at home with a plentiful table, and the society of many of the respectable inhabitants of the place.

As it was known Sir Edward had resided some time in Switzerland, many questions were asked him concerning the commerce, manufacture, and produce of that country. But these were objects that had not fallen under his observation; and on perceiving it was a conversation he was not qualified to join in, it was with great politeness turned to another topic: but on whatever it turned Sir Edward still found himself at a loss. In every other part of Europe, general manners, general jurisprudence, and French and Italian learning form the basis of conversation; but Britain is a microcosm, a little world of itself, and

“*Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*”

is as much our moral situation now, as it was our political situation in the time of Virgil.

Virgil. English manners, English jurisprudence, and English or classical literature form the basis of English conversation.

Men whose minds are amply cultivated and fully informed, add the other attainments in the highest degree; but the display of them is rarely called for, while the others are in hourly use. A man will never feel awkward in English company from being ignorant of the Imperial Pandects, or the etiquette of the German Courts; but he will be perpetually put to the blush if he is unacquainted with the common terms not only of our own laws, but our own ordinary professions.

The scholar and the fine gentleman are not expected to understand all the jargon of the attorney, or all the appropriated terms of military and naval tactics: but some knowledge of all is absolutely necessary to avoid ridicule; and the man will certainly be laughed at, who says an officer

is arrested for disobedience of orders by his colonel, and put under arrest by his taylor; who calls the colours of a regiment a flag, a firelock a gun, and the main-mast of a ship a long thick pole: and though no man can be completely skilled in elegant literature without a knowledge of the best writers of France and Italy, no man will be disgraced in the most learned and polite society from being silent when the merits of Voltaire, Corneille, Ariosto, Tasso, and Metastasio are discussed. But in no company is a man's reputation for the education of an English gentleman safe, who cannot join in an argument on the merit of Shakespear and Milton, of Addison and Swift, and who is totally unacquainted with the Latin classics, or makes a quotation with an erroneous quantity or a foreign accent.

Whether or not these things ought to be so, is another question, but that they are so is certain; and if the proverb that tells us, "When we are at Rome we should

should do as they do at Rome," is true, we may surely apply the same maxim to our own country.

From Bristol Sir Edward pursued his journey through Wales. But the mountains of that principality, though wonderful to the eye that has been only familiarized with the fruitful plains of the southern parts of England, lost their sublimity in comparison with the stupendous masses of the Alps.

As they were proceeding through a deep vale between the hills, Sir Edward was struck with the appearance of a clear stream that ran with great velocity through a dingle overhung with weeds and mountain shrubs. His curiosity was tempted to explore it, and he got out of the carriage, resolved to trace the course of the stream upwards. His French servant and the groom followed him.

When they had proceeded about two furlongs they came to a cottage, and the groom was deputed to inquire of the inmates, if there was any path that led up the mountain. He went in, and soon returned with an account that he could neither understand the people nor make them understand him, as they spoke French; for, as this man had not been on the foreign expedition, he had adopted the vulgar notion, that every thing that was not English was French. "French, you blockhead!" said Sir Edward, "how should Frenchmen come here? Welch you mean." "No, Sir," replied the man, "I don't: I am a Welchman." At this he was surprised, and went himself into the cottage, and found the people really spoke a language that was obviously not Welch, having many words congenial with the English, but which he could not understand. When his French valet came in, he was astonished to find he understood and conversed with them very well. He inquired what the language was, and was told

told by the servant it was Flemish, which he understood, having lived formerly in French Flanders.

His curiosity was much excited by this, and he inquired by the help of his interpreter, how they came settled in that place. They were able to give him little information; but he found out they had always lived there, and that the neighbouring inhabitants spoke the same dialect. On receiving this extraordinary information, he resolved to abandon his scheme of exploring the mountain; and returning to the chaise, he ordered the driver to proceed on his way, but to stop at the first village.

In the course of a mile he came to one, and halting at the door of the alehouse, as the most likely place to get the information he wanted, he asked the reason of the circumstances that had surprised him. But neither the landlord nor any of the guests could give him any satisfactory account;
all

all they could tell him was, that in that part of the mountains, as long as could be remembered, the inhabitants had a language different from their neighbours; and that none of them either spoke or understood Welch, though some of them had a slight knowledge of English.

During this inquiry, the clergyman passed by; and from him Sir Edward gained a knowledge of this singular event, which though authenticated in history is little known, that in the reign of Henry the Second some Flemish families settled in that part of South Wales, and have retained to this day their language unmixed with the common dialect of the principality.

Sir Edward thanked him for his intelligence, and pursued his journey, thinking to himself that there was little occasion to hunt for the marvellous among the mountains of Abyssinia, when no very remote part of our own island afforded so wonderful a curiosity.

CHAPTER XXX.

AS the progress of Sir Edward led him further towards the north, like the magnet he felt a stronger attraction to advance in that direction. He was perpetually comparing Wales with the Alpine heights, and his fancy reduced Snowdon and Plinlimmon to mere hillocks. The lakes of Cumberland were mere duckponds when he recurred to the inland sea of Geneva.—“No,” he exclaimed, “it is not in such tame scenes that I must seek objects to fill an imagination used to the magnificent features of Switzerland: these
must

must be sought in the lofty mountains and interesting forths of the Highlands of Scotland."

He was perfectly correct in his idea: the Highlands of Scotland did contain the only object that could fix his attention, after the impression he had received amid the woods, lakes, and mountains of Switzerland.

In this state of mind he hurried forward, and soon found himself in the country he wished. Stopping at one of the principal towns, according to a direction he had received from Mr. Frazer before he left Devonshire, he soon got a guide to direct him to the abode of that gentleman. It was a small farm-house near the spot of his birth, which he had fitted up with some neatness, so as to make it a very comfortable habitation for himself, his wife, and daughter. His brother had fixed himself in a residence within a quarter of a mile of him, and had taken
a great-

a great-niece of his mother's to live with him.

Miss Cameron was about six-and-thirty, polite in her manners, and genteel in her person, but very plain.

Though she had frequently paid visits to Edinburgh, she had chiefly resided in the family of a clergyman in the Highlands, with whom she boarded. As a carriage was out of the question in such an establishment, and indeed the roads were only fit for such a conveyance in a very few directions, visits at any distance could only be performed on horseback; in consequence of which, as Miss Cameron was of a cheerful disposition, she was an excellent horse-woman. Nevertheless, as her manners were perfectly feminine, she used her horse as a mode of conveyance to her friends, or as a means of exercise, but never employed him to convey her after the hounds; neither did she assume the jockey, and make either him or his groom
the

the subject of conversation—though she treated one with the kindness due to a fellow-creature in an inferior situation, and the other with the attention due to so docile and generous an animal.

Sir Edward was received by his friends with the greatest cordiality, and by Madelain with the utmost civility. The peculiar turn which she had imbibed from her early course of reading, had been much corrected by the conversation and instruction of her father. Her ideas with regard to the manly character of our sex, which we have already mentioned, had received some change from the conduct of Henry Beverley. The same cause had given some check to the natural liveliness of her disposition, and she was occasionally thoughtful and melancholy; a situation in which an amiable woman is always most fascinating, and which had its full effect on Sir Edward, though it was of all others the most unfavourable to his own wishes.

As

As the families were hardly ever separated, Sir Edward often attended the ladies in their excursions to survey the beauties of the highland scenery, while the brothers employed themselves in schemes of meliorating their newly-acquired lands by husbandry, and turning the sword of foreign warfare into the ploughshare of domestic cultivation.

As these gentlemen occasionally mixed in the society of the neighbourhood, they happened to fall in company with a young Englishman, who professed himself a great adept in the arts of improving both the produce and the beauty of the natural landscape. In consequence of this qualification, he offered his service to assist Mr. Frazer in his improvements, and received a pressing invitation to the farm, which he readily accepted; and he read many a lecture to the two veterans on horse-hoeing, draining, summer fallows, and winter crops, and all the improvements of modern agriculture, which begun by the opulent for experiment,

experiment, and pursued by the industrious for profit, have given a new appearance to the face of this country within the last half century.

All his lectures (and they really were good ones) were listened to with attention ; but having fixed a good opinion of his skill in the useful part of rural economy with the old gentlemen, he wished to shine in the eyes of the ladies and Sir Edward as a connoisseur in the ornamental and picturesque, and for this purpose he one day accompanied them in their walk.

Chance led them to a deep and wide glen, through which a clear stream ran over a pebbly bottom, intersecting some beautiful meadow ground, occasionally hiding its lucid waters amid willows and alders, which fringed its banks, and then emerging to the open fields, where its rippling current sparkled in the sun. On each side of the vale the ground rose abruptly, the base covered with shrubs, beyond which the beech and the Scotch fir spread.

spread their branches, while the bare summits of the rocks appeared above them.

The whole party admired the beauty of the recess, and Sir Edward did not draw any comparison to its disadvantage with the rocks and lakes of Switzerland.

Our improver of land now set to work in his alterations; he clumped, he lawned, he cut down, and he planted, without mercy and without taste. At length, as they pursued the course of the winding valley, it continued narrowing till it was filled up by a large forest of firs, whose ragged boughs over-hung the stream, and ascended the mountain on each side as well as the end that now closed on them, as far as the eye could reach. As they gazed with delight on this beautiful and magnificent theatre of shade, the improver exclaimed, "What a waste is here of glorious timber, and all useless for want of any method of conveying it to a proper market!—But what a noble canal might be cut through

through this valley ! From the level situation of the ground the labour would be trifling ; the stream would feed any depth of water ; the banks might be smoothed, and a gentle undulation given to the course, so as to resemble a piece of water in a park ; and the towing-teams, timber-floats, and barges would afford a *riante* and picturesque spectacle.

“ Heaven forbid ! ” said Sir Edward, “ that, to gratify the eye and fill the mind with sublime images, I should wish to retain the wild magnificence of the desert, when it could be changed for cultivation and commerce ! If a canal is ever useful, it is when it opens a communication between the manufacturer and the produce of the mine and the forest : but when we talk of embellishment, who would exchange such a landscape as this for smooth banks and neat barges ? ”

“ The citizen with his cutyews, and narrow and long ponds, has always been an object
of

of ridicule, but he at least affects neatness, and his scene is confined; but the opulent improver in the modern style destroys a country. A region filled with woody inclosures, to the eye that looks over it from an eminence has the appearance of a forest: but when the owner calls in the assistance of the landscape gardener to give it a park-like appearance; when the trees are clumped, and the streams turned into what are elegantly called sheets of water; the ornamented domain has the appearance of a large goose common, with a few straggling knots of trees on it, and the lower parts overflowed, and the pits filled to the brim by a sudden fall of very heavy rain."

CHAPTER XXXI.

SIR Edward Eaglefield used frequently to attend Miss Cameron and the lovely Madelain in their tours on horseback ; for, though the latter lady was not so expert a horfewoman as her coufin, yet, as fhe was defirous of extending her knowledge of the country beyond the limits of a walk, fhe rode with her on a gentle poney, which her father had chosen for her.

In one of these excursions, Sir Edward, having fent away the groom, who always attended him when he rode, on fome errand, difmounted from his horfe to take up
his

his whip which had fallen; and on putting his foot in the stirrup to resume his seat, the saddle turned round with him. In consequence of this it became necessary to replace the saddle and tighten the girth; but as both the person and the horse of Sir Edward were always equipped by the hand of a servant, he was no more capable of performing the office for his steed, than he would have been of adjusting his own neckcloth, shaving himself, or tying his hair. After many fruitless attempts therefore to replace the saddle, he gave the matter up, and must have been contented to have pursued his way with his horse in his hand, had not Miss Cameron come to his assistance, who soon performed the office with great dexterity.

The situation in which they both stood, the proper offices of each sex seeming so completely reversed, forced a smile from Miss Fraser, which added to the distress Sir Edward already felt, but which Miss Ca-

meron with great good humour tried to relieve by a kind of raillery on herself. She said there was many a subaltern in the army who could not appear on the parade without the assistance of his servant; and many a fox-hunter who in the same situation with Sir Edward would be unhorsed for the day; a lady acting as groom was as novel a character as a gentlemen darning his stockings; and yet, she added, that as she believed our sea officers were often compelled to perform that operation without any impeachment to their manly character, so the necessity she was in, from often riding without a servant, to understand something of the toilet of a horse, would be an excuse for her dexterity in the present case.

Sir Edward, though he joined in the laugh, nevertheless felt a little mortified; and before he took another ride he put himself under the tuition of Robert, and acquired a perfect knowledge both of the theory

theory and practice of bridling and saddling : but he had soon to experience a mortification of a more serious nature.

He went with the two ladies, Madelain and her cousin, to explore a mountain which afforded an extensive prospect over the surrounding country. As the ascent was very steep, a sloping path was cut on the side of the craggy rock, forming a wall on one hand, while the other appeared a tremendous precipice. As Sir Edward and both the ladies were accustomed to mountainous scenes, they did not feel that sense of imaginary danger which would have been the case with persons accustomed only to a level country. Their sensations were just the same as if they had been in a path of the same breadth, with a cliff rising on one side and a deep river on the other.

Miss Frazer walking too near the edge, part of the ground which had been loosened by a recent shower gave way, and fell with her down the precipice. Her inevitable

death seemed the consequence; but fortunately a scathed beech-tree that grew out of the rock within a few yards of the top caught her, and she hung among the branches in a most perilous situation. Sensible of her danger, she called on her friends for assistance, which they were utterly unable to give; she hung far below their reach, and there did not seem footing for a mountain goat in the rock. Sir Edward was frantic with despair, and would have precipitated himself on the place had he not been held by Miss Cameron, while she represented to him the folly of throwing away his life without being of any assistance to the person in danger. She then encouraged her cousin, desired her not to lose her presence-of mind, but seat herself as firmly as possible amid the boughs, while they all vociferated loudly for help. Their cries soon called a young highland shepherd to them; he slid down the rock with the greatest ease, and brought Miss Fraser to a place of safety.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem!"

WAS said of a painter at Antwerp, originally a blacksmith, but who happening to fall in love with the daughter of an artist, that had resolved to marry her to one of his own profession, he studied painting with such success, that he not only obtained his mistress, but rose to a great eminence in that art.

On the same principle Sir Edward, finding the impossibility of gaining the cordial affection of a young woman, with-

out the ability of protecting as well as pleasing her, resolved to acquire those manly accomplishments which had been overlooked in his education, and try if, under the animating tuition of the god of love, he could not attain the exertion and activity which his happier friend and rival had learned in the rougher schools of Winchester and Oxford.

He now grew indefatigable in his exertions; he rose with the day to explore the mountains with his gun; he thriddled the wood, he scaled the rock, and he learned to plow the stream with his arm; he leaped the stile and the trench on his horse, with a facility and firmness of seat, derived from his skill in the manege, that astonished old Robert.

He listened with avidity to the warlike tales of the two soldier-brothers, and felt the flame of military glory kindle in his bosom; while his respectful attention to all the ladies, and his tender assiduity to the lovely

lovely Madelain, placed him high in her esteem and friendship.

Mr. Frazer's house was placed at no great distance from the sea-shore. One night the family were alarmed with a violent attack on the doors. Mr. Frazer and his servants appeared armed at the windows, and demanded the reason: to their great surprise, they found the house surrounded by a great number of people, who answered in French that resistance was vain; that they were just landed from a privateer, and summoned them to surrender as prisoners. The doors were opened, the corsairs entered, and began to plunder. After they had packed up the plate, and every thing else of value that could be moved, and made free with the contents of the cellar, they talked of setting fire to the house, and carrying off the family as prisoners. At this intimation the ladies shrieked with horror, well knowing the brutal character of the wretches into whose power they had fallen. The bosom of the

disarmed foldier swelled with grief and indignation.

Sir Edward had made his escape—a circumstance that added to the distress of Madelain, as he was rising in her good opinion. She expected consolation from his presence, and was shocked at such an instance of mean pusillanimity.

As plunder was the chief object of these pirates, they seemed to hesitate about burning the house, and told Mr. Frazer, that if he would agree to give a certain ransom, they would spare it, but must take him as a hostage for the payment; to which he readily consented, on condition that the ladies might be set at liberty: but this was positively refused by the commander. He declared his certainty of the ladies being emigrants, and his determination to take them to France to suffer for their delinquency. The day began to break, and they now hurried their departure, loaded with baggage, and accompanied by their wretched

wretched captives. The tears and lamentations of the unhappy women, and of the miserable husband and father, are more easy to be conceived by a feeling heart than described by the most eloquent pen. They were hurried on board the vessel, which was at anchor in a close bay, and put into a small cabin, while all hands were at work to weigh and stand off from the shore. They sat in silent horror, listening to the preparations for leaving the coast of Britain, till at length in all the agony of despair they felt the ship in motion, and heard the exulting shout of the crew.

All was silent for some time ; when, on a sudden, they found there was some confusion on the deck, several guns were fired from the ship, succeeded by the huzza of British seamen, and the cry of *quarter* from the French. In a moment Sir Edward Eaglefield rushed down the hatchway, and the trembling Madelain found herself in his arms ; and while he whispered consolation

lation to her, for the first time he ventured to press her cheek with his lips—a liberty which, perhaps, escaped her notice in her great perturbation, as it does not appear that she shewed any symptom of disapprobation.

After the first emotions of gratitude and joy in the liberated captives had subsided, Sir Edward explained the cause of their unexpected rescue. On the first alarm he had dressed and armed himself; but as soon as he found the real circumstances of the attack, being convinced that any resistance from the persons in the house must be ineffectual, he determined to seek further aid. He knew that, in a small fishing village at no great distance, there were several vessels: escaping from the house, therefore, he made the best of his way to this place, and luckily found that an armed revenue cutter had arrived there the evening before. As it was some distance from the house, he apprehended he might be too late to afford aid if he returned

turned thither; he therefore persuaded the seamen to man their boats, seek the hostile vessel, and, by cutting off their retreat, insure the safety of his friends. His proposition was executed with equal activity and spirit; they came up with the vessel just as she was getting under sail, and after receiving a few shots, which had no effect, boarded and carried her in an instant, to the entire satisfaction of all parties, except the vanquished victors; for Sir Edward and Mr. Frazer were very liberal in their reward to the gallant mariners, who had so readily engaged in their cause.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IT is now time to pursue the footsteps of Lord Alton. After making a short stay at Vienna, where he had the satisfaction of hearing that his antagonist was out of danger from the consequence of his wound, he prepared to return to Switzerland—but just on the eve of his departure, he was informed the Eaglefield family were returned to England. Having now no motive to induce him to visit Lausanne, he resolved to join the English army, and make a campaign as a volunteer with his friend Henry Beverley.

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As he was employing the necessary arrangements for putting this scheme into execution, he received an express from England, informing him that his father, the Earl of Montgomery, was dangerously ill. He immediately left Vienna, and only arrived in London time enough to receive the last blessing of his dying parent.

As soon as the first effusions of filial sorrow were over, and he had settled his domestic concerns, he turned his thoughts towards Eaglefield castle. Entire master now of his own conduct, he resolved to disclose the state of his heart to the lovely object of his affections, and make her a tender of his hand, fortune, and title.

Full of these sentiments he arrived at Eaglefield castle, and met with a cordial welcome from the whole family.

Nevertheless, high as he stood in rank and consideration, with a diffidence that ever attends true passion, he doubted if all these

these exterior advantages gave him that merit in the eye of the lovely Emilia which alone could induce her delicacy to receive his addresses, and he put off from day to day a declaration that appeared more difficult to him from every moment of delay.

The respectable character of the Rev. Mr. Beverley, and the near relation in which he stood to his friend, induced Lord Montgomery to cultivate his good opinion, of which he had laid a foundation in his visits with Henry Béverley from the university. It happened one day, when Mr. Beverley was on a visit to Eaglefield castle, that the conversation turned on the young soldier; when Lord Montgomery spoke in such high terms of his brave and accomplished friend, that tears of joy flooded in the eyes of the delighted father, while the blush of applause suffused the cheek of Emily, and she regarded the panegyrist with a look of unwonted complacency; for, as Thomson says,

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“ The heart of woman tastes no truer joy,
Is never flatter’d with such dear enchantment—
’Tis more than selfish vanity—as when
She hears the praises of the man she loves.”

This emotion of her heart was not hid from the penetrating eye of her lover. In the course of the evening, accident brought them together in the garden; and after some previous conversation, in which his confidence was increased by the smiles of Miss Eaglefield, he ventured to take her hand, and with much hesitation acquainted her with the situation of his heart.

To many of my readers, both male and female, I am aware the situation will appear unnatural; and the picture of an English earl, young, handsome, and accomplished, addressing a woman with any doubt of success, will seem as distant from the bounds of probability as a ghost, a giant, or a witch. But such objectors I beg leave to refer to what Dryden says, on something like the same occasion, in the preface to his tragedy of Cleomenes ;
where

where being blamed by some young critics for making his hero cold to the advances of a lady, and told that they should have acted in a very different manner on the same occasion, he replied, "he perfectly agreed with them, but hoped they would also agree with him, in allowing that they were not heroes."

The declaration of Lord Montgomery immediately effected a total change in the features of Emilia. The smile abandoned her lips, the ray of cheerfulness her eye, and her cheek lost the blush of ingenuous confidence. She grew pale, her voice faltered, and in trembling accents she faintly uttered some inarticulate sounds, which conveyed nothing to the petrified lover that could fix either his hopes or his doubts. Unconscious, however, of any prior attachment, and seeing no cause to suppose his offer could be particularly disagreeable to any woman whose affections were not previously engaged, he was inclined to indulge the fallacious paintings of hope, and
impute

impute the apparent disorder of Miss Eaglefield to the delicacy of her natural sentiments. Impressed with this notion, he asked permission to open himself further on the subject to Lady Eaglefield; to which proposal, with a silent inclination of the head and smothered sigh, she consented.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHEN Emilia was left to herself, she reflected with horror on her situation. Attached in the strongest manner to another, not from sudden passion, but from principle founded on long friendship, and a real conviction of uncommon merit, and mutual regard, she saw herself in the immediate prospect of being demanded in marriage by a person to whom caprice itself could form no objection, and whose offer, by her silence, she had rather encouraged than refused.

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To her fond and affectionate mother Lord Montgomery was on the point of applying—a mother who had never thwarted her in any wish, and whom she had never disobeyed in any command—amiable consequence of mutual affection!—for how could that wish be ever thwarted, whose first impulse was filial piety? how could that command be ever disobeyed, which was always dictated by maternal fondness? For a moment, Emilia felt at a loss how to act, and wished for a friend to whom she might unbosom herself. It was but for a moment; she had a friend whom she could not distrust, and she flew on the wings of confidence and affection to Lady Eaglefield.

To an attachment between her daughter and Henry Beverley, Lady Eaglefield was no stranger; but she thought it rather a transient effusion of youthful fancy, than a serious and rooted affection, and she imagined it had already given way to a change of circumstance and situation, nor had she
any

any idea of its being renewed by the short intercourse at Lausanne. She had always looked to Lord Alton as a desirable connection for Miss Eaglefield; she had observed with pleasure his partiality for her in Switzerland, and she saw with increased satisfaction, that the Earl of Montgomery still kept the impression he had received as Lord Alton; and the behaviour of Emilia had convinced her, as it had him, that he was not indifferent to her.

Judge then, what was her surprise and mortification to find, that an actual offer had been made to her by Lord Montgomery, and that on the rejection of that offer her daughter's happiness depended! As long as Lady Eaglefield could bring herself to think that her daughter's dislike to the match might proceed from the caprice of a youthful imagination led away by a mistaken notion of romantic sentiment, she used every argument to prevail on her to listen to the proposal; she painted the high rank and brilliant fortune of her
her

her lover in the warmest colours, and added (and in such addition she only did him justice) that his virtues and accomplishments were still more conspicuous than either.

“ And will my kind, my virtuous parent (said the weeping Emilia) persuade me — will she suffer me to repay such regard with ingratitude? to involve such virtue in misery! Can there be a more cruel, a more deliberate act of injustice, than the giving the hand to a man who loves with real passion, while the heart is devoted to another? In such a marriage, every thought, every look of kindness from the injured husband (for such he is in the highest degree) must be the worst of torture to a sensible mind; every endearment that gratitude may call forth in return, will, in substance, be guilt masked by deceit and hypocrisy. And will my mother, from whose words and from whose example I have ever derived the purest precepts of virtue and integrity, now persuade me to such a union?

union? No; it is impossible."—Here she ceased, and threw herself on a chair in an agony of sorrow.

Neither the grief nor the arguments of Emilia were lost on her affectionate parent. The real welfare of her children had always been the spring that guided her thoughts and actions: she was perfectly sensible, that rank and fortune were, in spite of all the arguments of those who possess neither and eagerly covet both, while they affect to depreciate them, no despicable ingredients in the composition of human comfort; but she was equally sensible, that they were not the sole ingredients. She knew marriages of love did not always, nor indeed often, produce happiness, or marriages of prudent indifference misery. But a marriage, where one party strongly loved, and the other could only return that love, not with indifference (for in such a case indifference cannot exist) but with disgust, must produce the most exquisite misery to both. She per-

perceived, that her daughter's affections were unalterably fixed on Henry Beverley, that they had been imbibed in her earliest years,

"Grown with her growth, and strengthen'd with her strength."

In such a case, she did not hesitate a moment how to act. She consoled the trembling Emilia with the kindest words and looks; and promised to set her situation in its true light to Lord Montgomery, whenever he addressed her on the subject.

She did not wait long for the opportunity. Lord Montgomery was too earnest on the subject, to let much time elapse before he fulfilled his intention of declaring himself to Lady Eaglefield.

That excellent woman explained the state of her daughter's affections, with all the delicacy due to her situation, and all the possible care to avoid hurting the feelings of her lover. Lord Montgomery received

ceived the intelligence with obvious marks of disappointment and mortification, and could not avoid some reflections on the conduct of his friend, in thus superseding him in the dearest wish of his heart; an idea that appeared to make a strong impression on him, notwithstanding the repeated assurance Lady Eaglefield gave him, on the authority of her daughter, whose veracity on this as on every other subject she could not doubt, that her attachment to Beverley was founded solely on an early intercourse of mutual attentions, and a perfect acquaintance with his numberless virtues and accomplishments, without the smallest mention of love, either directly or indirectly, on his part.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



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